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MIRROR

ST LOUIS.

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The World, renewing all its Green and Bloom,
And we, the Tenants, greet the House-cleaning
As if departure hence were not our Doom.

Psyche unto Lily, Bee to Rose is drawn ;
The glad Sun dancing in the Easter Dawn
Drums up the vernal pulsings in the loam,
But nothing wakens those before us gone.

Yet Spring is Spring, although we pass away,
And Life's good, though it last but one brief Day.
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Forgetting Fate, the Fiddler, who's to pay.

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BURTON Ale and Porter Brewing Co.,
ST. LOUIS.

The Mirror.

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"IN HIS STEPS."

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REFLECTIONS.

Easter

NOW comes Easter, the feast of the gladness of life, The veriest pagan of us all feels the significance of the time in his blood. The world is very fair. The Spring is come back again, with all its old insistence upon the beauty of the sensuous world, with all the promise of the fruitfulness of days. Winter lingers a little in the air, maybe, but just enough to make us remember that its harshness has the beneficent purpose of making Spring

seem the dearer and sweeter. To the sincere Christian the feast of the Resurrection has a meaning that is beyond all things that life has to offer. The day reminds him that he is to rise again as did the Saviour and be taken unto the Father. To all of us the festival is one which denies death, which declares the glad tidings of immortality. Wherefore it is fitting that we should not only have more faith in the Divine Providence that so renews the world and promises to renew life in us when we have gone down into the silence and the dark, but that we should have more faith in each other. For, don't you see, the glory of the world is renewed as well for sinner as for saint, and the Saviour died and rose again for us all. Who, then, are we that we should look down upon our fellows, that we should deem ourselves better than anyone who may see and feel the sweet influence of the season? Now that the world is so very enticing, many of us are apt to fall into a way of selfishly regarding the pageant of Spring as something designed for the æsthetic appreciation of the few. This is the sort of pride that hardens the heart. It is well, therefore, to put it aside. While it is proper to feel for our fellows in seasons of bitterness, it is too often the case that our sympathy, at such times, is not a little tinged with gratification that we are not as those with whom we sympathize. Let us be kind to one another in cheerfulness, and not save our affection to make display of it when it may only generate envy and resentment. There is no better season for the charity of mind and heart, no better occasion to demonstrate the blessedness of mutual service and consideration than this. Of what use is the glow of Spring, anyhow, if it warm not our hearts one unto another?

A Suggestion

THE most vociferously clamant Democrats are looking about for a candidate for Vice-President. They want some one who will emphasize the issues and intensify them. How would Macrum do? That would get the Boer war into the campaign, and give everybody a tail-hold on the British Lion. Macrum, too, fulfills all the requisites of insignificant individuality. And anything would be better than Sewall was last time.

A Picture of Bobby Burns

LOVERS of Robert Burns will not relish the latest literary sensation, a novel in which the poet is the chief character. The title of the novel is, "The Rhymer." The poet is shown by the author, Alan McAuley, as being a sorry sort of a blackguard. Some of the descriptions of the greatest son of Scotland, remind one much of some of the pictures we have had of Paul Verlaine, in his most sordid days in Paris. We see Burns skulking, besotted, with bedraggled wenches on his arm, about the streets of Edinburgh. We are given glimpses of his liaisons with scullions. One of them is shown as dying of Burns' neglect. We have most sardonic sketches of Burns as Sylvander, dallying with Nancy Maclehose as Clarinda, the poet stooping to disreputable subterfuges, and alternately using, or being used by the whims of a silly little woman. The Burns of this novel is not the Burns anyone before imagined him. The author loves to show us the man as dominated by his bestial instincts, to describe his face to us as one from which the light has been blown out. The author of "Tam O' Shanter," in "The Rhymer" has neither sense, nor self-respect, nor the kindly, natural sympathy of the first and foremost of the singing sons of the soil. The poet Burns is made out inferior in every way to the hero of the book, and as for his Clarinda she is such a person as we may be sure Burns would not have taken to. When one comes to put a finger upon the point at which Mr. McAuley diverges from historical truth the task is difficult. Burns was gross

enough and coarse enough and foolish enough we all know, but that he ever was quite the thing this novelist makes him out to have been is impossible. The portrait is vulgarized beyond all hope of discovering the poet. There is nothing in his conduct that is in true keeping with the character of the man in the wildest of his poems. He lacks grace and humor and the natural gentleness the poet must have had. The author tries to say that Burns had those qualities, but he does not show them in action. Mrs. Maclehose is insufferable. The heroine, a Miss Alison Graham, and the heroine, Mr. Herries, are strong presentations of character, and they are intertangled with Sylvander and Clarinda in a way to make an interesting story, though told jejune, with confidences to the reader, and all that sort of elephantine gaiety. The author has taken Burns' biographies much too literally. He has missed the soul of the man. The portrait he gives is revolting, though he is constantly telling us the man was not so. And so the excellent material of a story that might have fascinated the world, is spoiled in the handling. Still lovers of Burns "ana" will want the novel, which is published in attractive form by the Scribners.

Men In The Philippines

THE announcement is made that no more men are needed in the Philippines. This applies, of course, to soldier-men. But if there be any place in the world where men, real men, are needed and urgently needed, the Philippine archipelago is that place. There we need men of large mind, great heart, infinite tact, boundless patience, penetrative foresight and the courage to withstand the harshest criticism. In the Philippines we need men to make States, to establish Government on a basis of the nearest approach to exact human justice. In the Philippines are problems which only strong, true men can solve. In the Philippines we need men who can resist the clamor of the spoilsman, the greed of the concessionaire. We need men who shall stand to the people there as true types of that Christianity of which the Filipinos have heard so much and seen so little. The religious problem in the islands is one that will call for the highest form of statesmanship. The race problem only increases the cruciality of the religious problem. No more men needed in the Philippines! They need the best we can send them. May we rise to the occasion and prove to the world that our professions of good intent to the late vassals of Spain were not wholly hypocritical!

The New Literature

THE second number of the New York magazine called the *Smart Set* shows that the people in the smart set talk in the very language of the chief personages in an erstwhile noted novel entitled "The Picture of Dorian Gray." When people begin to do this it is time to call in the police. It's all very bright, but it discloses dangerous dislocation of perceptions of true values, and is symptomatic of incipient moral idiocy.

The Exposition

I AM informed that the St. Louis Exposition has been captured at last, by the men who have been so long seeking to secure control of it. The gentlemen prominent in the street railway syndicate, chiefly Mr. Edwards Whitaker and Mr. C. D. McLure, have secured enough stock to run things generally. They figure that they can run the Exposition to make street car traffic to the extent of about \$200 per day. The syndicate will take over the institution and then get permission to raise enough money by way of bonds to wipe out the old indebtedness and to keep the Exposition going. Permission to issue the bonds to the sum

of \$300,000 must be obtained from the Municipal Assembly. While it is not wholly pleasant to think of a public enterprise passing into the hands of the syndicate that rules this community, it must be confessed that it is a gratification to know that the Exposition will be continued, for the Exposition has been of much benefit to the people, and its usefulness has not yet been exhausted. The new deal puts a quietus upon the movement to give the Exposition site for a park and a new public library.



Debs

SHOULD the National Democratic Convention frame a platform that eliminates Populism, Eugene V. Debs may poll more votes than the Democratic nominee, Mr. Bryan. Debs is an out-and-out Socialist. The Chicago platform started many Democrats into Socialism. It is, therefore, entirely within the range of probability that a modification of the doctrines of the Chicago platform would result in the Debs ticket receiving more votes in the next election than any other third party ticket ever polled.



The Octopus Among Us

PEOPLE in the West are interested in the recent phenomenal rise of Missouri Pacific stock. The explanation thereof is that the Standard Oil syndicate of capitalists is engaged in an endeavor to get control of the road with a view to using it in practical consolidation with the Missouri, Kansas & Texas. The story goes, in New York, that the Goulds, the nominal owners of the Missouri Pacific, have not really controlled the road for some time, and that they have been frightened by the discovery of the fact that the Rockefeller interests are seeking to get the upper hand. It is needless to say that the communities through which the Missouri Pacific runs are vitally interested in the information that the oil octopus is laying its hands on everything in the Middle West, just as it has been doing recently in the East. If the Standard Oil Company persists in putting its money into properties in the Western States we shall see lively times in the legislatures, and some unexampled prosperity among legislators and politicians who can be "seen." Standard Oil influence in the Missouri Pacific will cut quite a figure in Missouri politics, especially as it is morally certain that there will soon be an opportunity for that influence to display itself in the campaign for the selection of a United States Senator.



Money and The Machine

EXIT W. A. Clark, of Montana, and may we never look upon his like again. It is to be hoped that the Senate will follow up its work of exclusion by refusal to admit Mr. Matthew Stanley Quay upon his certificate of appointment by his gubernatorial tool. The Senate is in need of action that will demonstrate to the people that it is not a body representing the worst influences and processes in a depraved system of popular government. The Senate has lost its dignity. Its membership is not impressive either in attainments or character, but the Clarks and Quays represent methods which even the degenerate upper house of Congress cannot afford to excuse. Clark represented money. Quay represents "the machine." Money and "the machine" are the causes of the Senate's deterioration. The Senate has squelched the money influence. Now let it discredit the machine by refusing to seat Quay who was appointed by his creature, after being unable to get the vote necessary to elect in the Pennsylvania Legislature.



The Political Situation

DEWEY exposes his senility every time he opens his mouth on politics. Gen. Miles, as a Presidential possibility, is a false alarm. Messrs. McKinley and Bryan will be the opposing candidates again this year. Nothing but death can prevent the nomination of either. There will be no change in the Democratic platform on the money question. The men who want the changes are not considered to be Democrats by the people who will dominate the Democratic Convention. The old fight will be fought over again. Imperialism will be an issue, but it

will be an issue to cut both ways. The trusts are not a much of an issue to-day as they were six months ago. There is no prospect that the Democrats will make any concession to the conservatives who left them in 1896. There will be hundreds of thousands, maybe a million, voters in grave doubt as to their duty to either party. On the whole, the tendency to break away from the Republican party is the stronger. But the Chicago platform, and Mr. Bryan on the other side, will act as a deterrent on bolting in the Republican ranks. But for silver, and its concomitants, the Porto Rico tariff would defeat Mr. McKinley for re-election. There are hundreds of thousands of anti-Imperialists who would like to vote against Mr. McKinley, but they are not Aguinaldists. They don't want to give up the Philippines. There are many anti-trust Republicans, but they don't want to go the length of repudiation to get at the trusts. There are many people who oppose the rampancy of privilege now in evidence at Washington, but they don't believe the cure therefor is fiat money. There are no hard times to make a great solid element favoring "anything for a change," as there was in 1896. There is no such discontent with parties as many writers would have us believe. If there were, Dewey would have been hailed as the savior of the situation. But Dewey, as a candidate, is laughed at. Ditto Miles. The Democrats are at tremendous disadvantage, because they cannot oppose Imperialism without practically advocating surrender of territory. The Democrats could win if they could make the fight against the tariff alone. But they can't. They've got to stick to silver, and the country has repudiated free-silver, without the disaster which was prophesied as a result of such repudiation. The campaign of 1896 will be the one thing that will defeat the Democrats in 1900. If it were not for that campaign the Democrats could "go after the trusts" successfully by way of tariff reform, and by the same route they could reach effective opposition to Imperialism without "hauling down the flag." War on the Administration syndicate would be popular were it not that the Chicago platform is a scheme for the benefit of silver-mine owners. War upon privilege would be possible of successful issue, if such a war were not made in behalf of classism. The Democratic party is as hopelessly divided as the Liberal party in England. It is against many things, but has nothing to offer that the people want. It has a leader, and, if you will, a gifted leader, but the following is split up into factions. The Republican party never was weaker than it is now. But the people are not, apparently, ready to take up with an opposition that simply opposes everything without being able to agree and solidify upon anything positive. The people know that the President wabbles. But they distrust the dizzying gyrations of Mr. Bryan. The average thinking man to-day, in my opinion, is not exactly clear as to his party alignment on all the issues. The average voter feels that the country is entered upon a new career. Some phases of the new situation please him. Some do not. For the things which do not please him the Democrats offer nothing definitely better or even definitely palliative. So far times are good. There is the chance that change will make times worse. The average voter does not want to take the chance, especially not with Mr. Bryan. There is dislike for the Hanna-Gage-Root-Heath syndicate, but it is not enough to make the people turn to the sort of stuff that was given them from the stump in 1896. Silverism is not the panacea it was supposed then to be. Imperialism is not popular, but the people sneer at Dewey trying to break into the presidency as an anti-Imperialist. And if expansion be wrong, why, is it not a fact, that expansion is the result of the war and the war was forced upon the Nation by the Democrats in Congress and by Democratic papers? The people are somewhat befuddled. They are bewildered by a multiplicity of issues. They only know one thing for certain. That is that the party of opposition has not, up to date, proposed anything that holds forth promise of a better solution of our difficulties than seems to come from the rather haphazard "policy" of the present Administration. The people don't like Mr. Bryan's politics, but they like

still less the men who are trying to steal his party from Mr. Bryan. The people like President McKinley, but they would like him more with less of Mr. Hanna. I am not for the sort of Imperialism represented by the Porto Rican tariff law. I am not for the sort of anti-Imperialism represented by those who encourage the revolt in the Philippines. I am in favor of but one thing in the Chicago platform—the income tax. I am against the "snap" regime in the present Administration, but against cheap money, so called. There are many hundreds of thousands of men calling themselves Democrats and Republicans who are in like case. There are, I believe, a million such men. They are, broadly speaking, the men whose votes swung the election in 1896. How will they vote in November this year? It is absolutely impossible to say at this time. But this one may say. This independent vote will be determined as to its casting by the platform to be declared at Kansas City, but there is not much hope that the Kansas City platform will omit the things in the Chicago platform that swung the independent vote to Mr. McKinley in 1896.



Miss Rehan's Acting

ONE goes to see Miss Rehan, these days, in a dimly-felt dread that he may not see her again. Her presentation of the part of *Lady Teazle*, at the Olympic, Monday evening, was, therefore, viewed by many in a spirit as of those who watch a fading flower. Miss Rehan is an artist to her finger tips, as the saying goes, but there is an aspect of such artistry that is not indistinguishable from excess. Miss Rehan's mannerisms are pronounced. They are more pronounced, because, in our intense modernity, as we are pleased to call our satisfaction with the methods of to-day, they appeal to us as the mannerisms of the older, staggier time. I am afraid that, notwithstanding the pungent, pregnant lines of Sheridan's comedy, I was a little bored by Miss Rehan's performance. I know the work was somewhat saddening, even when I felt I caught traces of that piquancy and perfect coquettishness over which William Winter was wont to rave in the days gone by. In all her work I thought I caught the note of weariness. The part in which the lady has won such fame had but a tame sparkle. One admired the exquisite mechanism of her performance, but missed the old vitalizing spirit of the role. The Rehan company is splendidly adjusted. It works like a charm. But "The School for Scandal," none the less, impressed me as dull. However, many who had not seen the lady before, and had no comparisons to make, enjoyed the production, and, perhaps, I was tired. Mr. Harbury's *Sir Peter*, Mr. Clarke's *Sir Oliver*, the *Joseph and Charles* of Messrs. Whittlesey and Ormonde, the *Mrs. Candour* of the very charming and quite finished Miss Draper, and the *Maria* of Miss Clinton, were satisfying expositions of the happy combination of intelligence, taste, experience, grace and sincere effort. But Miss Rehan's charm was, almost altogether, the charm, the minor, regretful charm of one upon whom lingers glamorously the light of other days.



Mr. Hubbard's Morals

APROPOS of Mr. Elbert Hubbard's visit to the city, to tell us of "The Work of the Roycrofters," some readers of his *Philistine* have asked me if I believe his morals are all right—the morals of his preaching. Mr. Hubbard, they say, has preached, in his magazine, the rectitude of wifely infidelity and husbandly inconstancy. Mr. Hubbard, they say, has blasphemed charity and temperance. Mr. Hubbard, they intimate, is drifting into the last infirmity of world-reformers—monkeying with the sex question. I don't think Mr. Hubbard is to be taken quite seriously in his dealings with pathological abstractions. Mr. Hubbard is not indecent or obscene. He is a healthy man. He says things, sometimes, in revolt against the prevalent twaddle and tommy-rot on morality, which sound more extreme than they are. What Mr. Hubbard means, in all probability, is that charity and temperance are not the only virtues, that they are exalted so much as to obscure other virtues, that they are misrepresented in the advocacy of fanatics, and that the natures of men and women should be

dealt with on a basis of things as they are, rather than according to empirical doctrines. Mr. Hubbard does not preach free love, though the unthinking may pervert his doctrine. Mr. Hubbard does not preach surrender to temptation as the first, best purpose of temptation. Mr. Hubbard means only to say that denial of the good things of life may be, in its way, as much a sin against the individual and the race, as a too earnest devotion to said good things of the senses. If certain people of depraved tendencies misconstrue the doctrines of Fra Elbertus it might be well for him to modify his dynamic bluntness of treatment of certain subjects. If he scandalize the pure at heart, or the little ones, he might, with advantage, restrain his vigorous resentment of some of the conventional lies of society. I have no hesitation in saying that some of the matters referred to may do much harm to people unaccustomed to thinking, but that Mr. Hubbard consciously, deliberately inculcates a topsy-turveying of the moral law is untrue, because it is inconsistent with his fine practical sense, his devotion to the dulcifying of our utilities, his earnest altruism. The most squeamish person need not be afraid of hearing anything at Mr. Hubbard's lecture, tomorrow evening, that will make him or her feel that the seventh commandment is in danger of repudiation.

Don't Want 'Em

WE don't want the Danish West Indies. We have more islands on our hands now than we seem exactly to know what to do with. And we may be sure the Danish West Indies don't want us, if we are to deal with them as we have with Porto Rico. What's the use in belonging to a country and then being cut off from the benefits of that country's institutions and from the benefits of a market in the foster-parent country. We don't want colonies for the pleasure of holding them in commercial bondage. Denmark will not sell her colonies into slavery. We don't want and we don't need the Danish West Indies.

The Water Question

THE water question in St. Louis is important. Everybody accepts off-hand the dictum of the Board of Public Improvements that filtration of water now furnished is what we want. Why? Because the filter companies have worked up filtration sentiment. Because the filter companies have worked up the scare over the Chicago canal. Because there has been organized a movement to get the water works into private control. Because there is a surplus in the water fund, which, politicians think, ought to be expended. No big city in this country has filtered water. No big city in any country filters water so changeable as is our water. No filtration experiments have proved successful on a scale such as must be necessary here. The use of a coagulant in addition to sand filtration appears to be necessary in such water as we have here. Coagulants are dangerous. Suppose we use alum to filter the water. We shall have to use a lot of it. If we do, the physicians say, we shall, eventually, have to import our babies. If we use other chemicals we shall be slowly poisoned. If we can't have a sand filtration—and the character of our water implies that we cannot, except at enormous expense—we shall have to use some private patent, and that will give private parties a grip on the water works. A filter plant can't be put in in five years. We want pure water for the World's Fair. A filter experiment plant will not supply it. Again, there are good physicians who say filtration is not sure to exclude disease germs. There is danger that filtration will exhaust the oxygen in water, and oxygen is the life. I am told that there is much filter stock scattered about among advocates of the filtration idea. I am told that, now that the Board of Public Improvements is committed to filtration, the proposed ordinance authorizing the \$50,000 experiment plant will be beaten and the syndicate that wants control of the water works will proceed to work through a filter patent and finally bring about the sale of the water works. If there be a political and banking syndicate scheming to grab the water works, by discrediting the water supply, why would it not be as well to let the Mera-mec projectors put in a bid to build water works and supply

the city? If the Board of Public Improvements is committed to filtration, as a first step to giving a private corporation a chance to jam through a filter scheme which will give the corporation a grip on the water-works, would it not be wise for the Board of Public Improvements to listen to the proposal to furnish water for the Meramec spring? There is too much unanimity for filtration among too many men who are not, judging by their past records, talking filtration for their health. It is well to go slow. It would be well to hear the anti-filtration side of the question. There is a great chance for a filter "job," once the Board of Public Improvements says filtration is the only solution of our water problem. Behind filtration is the scheme to steal the water-works.

Another Scandal

THERE is another big scandal soon to be ventilated. This time it comes from Honolulu. It seems that the work of stamping out the bubonic plague in the Hawaii Islands was done in a manner the efficiency of which is chiefly evident in the size of the bill therefor. There are rumors of jobs in the condemnation of property to be burned. There are stories of great bills for cigars and wines, etc., for the efficient stampers-out. The expense accounts of the plague extermination are said to be wonderful examples of inflation. The efficient officials would appear to have immunized themselves chiefly by bathing in champagne, while there are rumors of various "rake offs" in certain contracts. It is not yet clear that any of the eminent contributors to the campaign fund of four years ago are participants in the good things that were going in Hawaii Aloha! But we shall hear all the news later of this new feature of the spread of our syndicate and soft snap civilization in the Pacific. Republicanism is the same in all latitudes and longitudes. It is for itself and its friends, and to hell with the outsiders. The treasury is its meat, and the people at large are for its plucking.

Ireland Moves Upward

SOME of us may smile at the Queen's visit to Ireland as a bit of kindly clap-trap, but the more one studies the little incident, the more it grows as an evidence of dawning sense in England. England needs Ireland. England has found out how small England is, and the lesson has been learned at no small cost in humiliation, for the real work of the war in South Africa has been done by Irish, Canadians and Australians. Ireland wants Home Rule as other parts of the Empire have it, as Ireland is especially entitled to it by reason of the fact that her name is part of the official title of the nation the world knows as England. Not only is Ireland needed by England, but there is greater and graver need of the loyalty of the Irish in all the parts of the British Empire. The Irish struggle for Home Rule during some centuries represents an amount of brains and physical energy which would have been of great value directed to the purposes of the Empire. How valuable those brains and that energy are, is shown when they are engaged in the service of the English. The campaign in Natal has made the demonstration of the usefulness of the Irish absolutely undeniable. And in Ireland itself the Local Government Act is demonstrating that the Irish can govern themselves without any superfluity of wigs on the green. Irish sentiment has been the active principle of hostility to England in every country in the world, for the Irish exile has been telling his wrongs in every land for more than 700 years, and never uneloquently. The Queen's visit therefore is a definite recognition of Irish service. It is a positive effort at conciliation of this world-wide Irish sentiment against England. The Queen has given the cue to the English people. She has signally made it known that Ireland is to be regarded as a part of the Empire, not as a hostile province to be repressed. The visit may strike some of us as a bit of silliness attaching to the royalty business, but, in reality, it is a declaration of Her Majesty's desire for a closer union of the two peoples. Much has been granted the Irish. The Queen, in effect, says that they must have more. They will get what they want, in time. And the time will not be long. For England sees coming the time

when every man of the Empire will be needed in a struggle to maintain world-supremacy, and in the great conflict it will never do to have a hostile land so near to England as is Ireland. Truly England's peril has been Ireland's opportunity in this year of grace, and right well has Ireland improved it. There may never be a king Patrick the first of Great Britain and Ireland and an Emperor Patrick of India, but the little incident of naming the Queen's grandchild after the sainted serpent-chaser is none the less a good omen for Ireland in the days to come. Ireland will be for long the fashion in England, and the higher orders will abate their antipathy to extensions of Irish liberty, and when the superstition that the Irish are savages, given its chiefest currency by dear Edmund Spenser, has been dispelled, the way to a patient hearing of the Irish cause will be made clear. No fear that the cause will not be well stated. And once well stated to the English the cause will be won.

Uncle Fuller.

THE CASE OF MRS. DEWEY.

BY FRANCES PORCHER.

[For the MIRROR.]

MAYBE Mrs. Dewey is at the bottom of her Admiral's aspirations toward the Presidency—maybe not. It is always pretty safe to judge that a woman is at the bottom of most things. Adam started the fashion, some thousands of years ago, and his precedent of judgment has last nothing by its millions and billions of repetitions.

But, sometimes, the indictment of "a woman to blame" is anything but just; results are weighed against Eve, and motives are overlooked. Of course, in Eve's case there was, apparently, little motive outside of curiosity, just plain curiosity, although one cannot but feel that Eve was only a woman predestined by Fate—or Providence—to do what she did, that the great scheme of humanity should be worked out just as it has been. Blessed be Eve's ambition! Else where would be man's aspirations, the "divine gospel of discontent," the sweetness of love, the pain of sacrifice, the beauty of the Christ, the dear ties of human souls and, at last, the quiet of the grave and the hope beyond? One must pay for all knowledge with pain, for all love with tears, for life with death; otherwise the stagnation of existence would be unbearable, and yet we sneer at the first woman who dared to be ambitious and to arouse the man to her heights, when we should hold her chief of our female saints. In a moment of cowardice, Adam cast upon her the blame that has ever since clung to her sex, and yet no after facts have been gleaned to tell us how ashamed this same Adam was for his pusillanimity, as the years went on. No enterprising son or nephew or neighbor of Adam's has ever published a book of "Recollections of the Eden Family," and so all evidence has been lost that would go toward removing the stigma upon Eve.

But it is a far cry from Eve to Mrs. Dewey, and this is not a personal criticism of Mrs. Dewey or a defense of Eve. The former is surfeited with criticism and Le Gallienne (I think it was) has defended our great Mother beyond attempts of feeble pens. This is only a case of "I cry you mercy, my lords," for the ambitions of our sex, and if one should choose to point a moral with the Admiral's wife—what then? It is only what she gets for being his wife.

But because a woman should be ambitious for the man she loves it does not follow that the springs of that ambition are altogether ignoble. Some of the quietest home-bodies in the world are simply devoured with ambitions that they have not the courage to express or enforce, and a woman in a high place, who has ambition and courage, is the target of the world as soon as she lets it see her aspirations.

In the case of the Deweys it may be that social honor and advancement for the wife are not lost sight of in the glittering possibilities of the presidential election of the husband, but a clever woman is pretty apt to weigh all the possibilities, *pro* and *con*, before she casts her influence into the scale of decision, and a clever woman who has lived in

the vortex of political society fears ridicule, or that which tends to put her and hers in a ridiculous position, as much as she dreads defeat, and Mrs. Dewey, I understand, is a clever woman.

And so it is hard to believe that she is the mainspring of her hero-husband's political longings. She may believe in him to the extent that she privately thinks him the peer of any man who has risen to be first citizen in the republic, but she has learned, through divers experiences, since the hero of Manila first laid his laurels at her feet, that the great American public is over-ready to impale all of her husband's mistakes of judgment upon the point of her influence, and, naturally, she would be rather careful in a matter of so great moment.

Perhaps the truth is, that the Admiral, having received the homage and flattery of a people almost as mercurial as the French, has grown a little giddy with its adulation—who would not?—and believes sincerely that he is as much "called" to the White House as he believed the "spirit moved him" when he cut the wires in Manila bay. Perhaps, being in love with his wife—and we cannot be strictly moral and condemn that—he would be pleased to see her the First Lady in the Land, and there is a bare possibility that it may really be the Admiral's own ambition, instead of that of his wife, that is at the bottom of his presidential *coup d'état*.

She may be as ambitious as Eugenia and as unscrupulous as Marie Louise, but—to be fair—there is a doubt. Let her have its benefit, if only for the sake of the other women, from Eve down, who have aspired to the immortal heights for the men they have loved and nerved to higher things.



WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

BY WALTER B. STEVENS.

(For the MIRROR.)

"THE little man who sits in the White House, puppet for the showman, Hanna!" The words came from a pen which, in Missouri, has influence. The were written by a Democratic editor of high intelligence, not naturally a blinded partisan, not ordinarily extravagant in misjudgment of public men. They suggest a text. Their source may justify some near-by impressions and conceptions of William McKinley.

No championship is intended. That would be supererogation. This is not a political article. But can it be possible that the Republican party, never accused of lack of intelligence or of political smartness, if sometimes arraigned for dulled sense of moral honesty, is about to confer unanimous re-nomination upon "a puppet for the showman Hanna?"

The observance of a public man day, after day, for years, the hearing of his views as they filter through hundreds of visitors, the study of his acts, the measuring of his motives and purposes, the following of his goings and comings may lead to estimates and conclusions not without interest, when the man is President of the United States and thought of well enough for another term by his party.

When Mr. McKinley was in Congress he lived at a hotel which was alongside of Newspaper Row. About ten o'clock nightly his custom was to stroll down the Row, drop into one of the offices, usually that of a Cincinnati paper, for he kept in close touch with his State affairs. The hour was when work slackened and when the correspondents sat about waiting for leased wires to carry the burden, before "good night" could be given. Mr. McKinley came in with an "at home" manner, took a vacant chair where he found it and slowly smoked his cigar. The drift of conversation was comment on the news work of the day and speculation on the probable business of the coming days. And while, with free tongue, the correspondents and most of their late callers discussed affairs Mr. McKinley smoked and listened with only an occasional sentence, oftener than not, a question.

In those days the judgment of his colleagues in Con-

gress and of the newspaper correspondents was, that for achievement in legislation, Mr. McKinley had no superior and few equals among public men. That close observer and rugged character, William R. Morrison, unaccustomed to deal in compliments, once summed up the strong points in Mr. McKinley. The two had made specialties of tariff legislation, but upon opposite sides. They had been members of the Committee on Ways and Means in several Congresses. Sometimes Mr. McKinley was of the majority and Colonel Morrison was of the minority. Then it was vice versa. He had known all of the protection leaders for many years, Colonel Morrison said, but of them Mr. McKinley could accomplish most. He could come nearer having his own way in tariff legislation than any other Republican leader. He possessed the art of getting things. Where others aroused friction and inspired antagonism, delaying or blocking their purposes, Mr. McKinley smoothed the way and attained his ends. If he was not entirely successful he obtained part of what he sought. Thus it came about that, judged by the sum of results, he was ranked among the most successful of legislators. With such a reputation conceded by both parties and by the commentators, Mr. McKinley went out of Congress.

It would be strange if a man who had demonstrated extraordinary ability to achieve, in making laws should come back to Washington, as President, to become "a puppet."

A few days ago, on the floor of the Senate, Tillman of South Carolina, the free pitchfork in speech, the Senator whose utterances are characterized by the minimum of restraint, assailed the Administration. He was asked in the debate if he intended the President by his savage comments. No, he said, he did not mean the President. He believed the President was a good man. He meant the wicked partners of the President. One must know the extent of Tillman's indulgence in intemperate language fully to appreciate what a concession to truth this was on the part of the South Carolinian. What Tillman said has been admitted in various forms by Senators and Representatives of the opposition. Democratic tributes to the honesty, the patriotism, the high purposes of Mr. McKinley, uttered in Congress since he became President, would fill a large scrapbook. That they were said in sincerity is beyond question. In all of the rancor of debate through three years of the Administration search fails to show one personal attack upon this President. "A puppet" is not unassailable. A weak man is not thus spared.

It is impossible not to remember with admiration the sturdy stubbornness of Grover Cleveland. There was a President, of whose lack of back bone neither complaint nor taunt was ever made. When he discovered what he believed was a verity he stood upon it like the rock of ages. He played his part and played it better, perhaps, than his party wished or his country knew. Like a bulwark he stood against the strong, popular tide, which meant cheaper money and a silver basis. By his Venezuelan boundary message and policy he gave the National life a stamina and the world a shock which made the way morally easier for Cuban intervention. When the greatest clash between capital and labor this country had ever known, was impending at Chicago, Mr. Cleveland made an application of the Federal authority and set a new precedent for its vindication by force, the full meaning of which the Nation does not yet realize. His services to this country came in a period when a Samsonian individuality, indifferent to popular clamor, had its utility. The period was one in which industry stood still. The fever of restlessness begot temporary public sentiment which might be easily mistaken for the popular will. American ambition and enterprise found the outlets closed. The people, in some senses, needed to be saved from themselves. Mr. Cleveland was a President who could play such a part.

After the fever of panic and the lethargy of hard times came the natural reaction toward normal hopefulness and industrial revival. Conditions changed and, that their full benefits, might be reaped they called for other qualities in the President than had been needed in the former period. Those other qualities were found in Mr. McKinley. The

country looks back upon a season of unexampled prosperity and progress. How much of it is due to an Administration in sympathetic touch with the tendencies, opinions will estimate variously. One partisan will find great factors in the famine of India, the wars and troubles of the rest of the world, good crops at home, the inevitable quickening of national convalescence. At the other extreme may be a disposition to magnify the office of "the advance agent." But somewhere between views that exaggerate may be found the importance of a presidential policy of encouragement.

Along the lines of least resistance this explorer achieved much fame in fields of legislation. He brought to the White House qualities radically unlike those of his predecessor, in almost every respect. He found the Nation ready to move forward into a position it had never occupied. It suited him to go with it, shaping and guiding and accomplishing with the least friction.

From March 4, 1897, is a long time in the world's history. It has been full of crises for the United States. How would President Cleveland, with his monumental backbone, his disregard, if not contempt, for public sentiment, his disposition to have his own way, if he thought that way was right, regardless of Congress,—how would Cleveland or a President like Cleveland have done?

In the fourth year of his Administration, President Cleveland sat alone in the White House. His own party had repudiated him. Leaders of his party in Congress did him not the honor to pay the ordinary courtesies of consultation. They had treated his recommendation as to legislation to which the party was pledged in such manner that he had indignantly rebuked them for "perfidy." Between the White House and the Capitol the distance was never before greater. The man who had been "loved for the enemies he had made" had continued making enemies, until those who loved were reduced to a handful, and were politically ostracized because of the continuance of their affection.

In the last year of his four, President McKinley is consulted by Congress as has been no other President since the early days of the republic. He is asked for advice by individuals and by committees, and the strongest plea advanced in caucus or on the floor is, "the Administration wants this." If fault is found it is because the call of the President upon Congress is not oftener and louder. Is this the recognition that the legislators of the Nation would pay to "a puppet?"

President McKinley is more than the President of his party. He is the President of the Nation, and therein lies a strength greater than a party's President. Democrats, Populists, Silverites, rub shoulders with Republicans in the ante-room at the White House. They go singly and by delegations. They sustain relations to Mr. McKinley such as opposition elements, perhaps, never before knew. The regard is not wholly sentimental. It has its practical side. Two years of the four the party of the President did not have a majority in both branches of Congress. In those two years no important legislation recommended from the White House, and started on its way through Congress, failed for want of votes. There were times when two-thirds was necessary in the Senate, and the Republicans had not even a majority. And when the roll-call came the two-thirds was given. Could a "jellyfish" President make such a record?

The ship of state has been in strange waters. An old man, who had seen wars, two of them, as a participant, who had served his country as Speaker of the House of Representatives, came to Washington at one of the crises. He went to the White House and talked long and freely with the President. He wanted to know what the policy in a certain direction was going to be. As he started home he said: "I don't believe the President knows what he is going to do. It seems to me as if the Administration is just drifting." Perhaps he spoke truly for that immediate period. There have been times in the past three years when "drifting" expressed the situation. But it was the drifting of a pilot with a firm grasp upon the wheel, straining every faculty to catch landmarks, to avoid dangers, to

resume the course on the instant it became plain. And looking back over the long way the ship has come, who will point to where a better channel led from that taken?

There have been times when impatient sentiment rose up in rebuke and demand for something different. Later on, in the better perspective which followed the end accomplished, came the verdict of the country, "well done!"

"Don't wobble like the President!" an Indiana constituent telegraphed his Senator a few days ago. His reference was to the Porto Rican matter. Perhaps the fiercest outburst against the President has come over this legislation. Probably the most emphatic renewal of confidence will follow, when the Porto Rican bill is seen from the point of view after enactment and full operation. The President can as well afford to wait for the vindication of his course in this matter as for the more sober and perfect judgment upon any other act since his term began.

This Porto Rican tariff proposition was put forward and supported by a Democrat and free trader. Its author and its original advocate has no sympathy with the doctrine of protection, no friends in trusts to be benefited, no political end to be subserved. The sole motive which prompted the bill from its real source was the good of the Porto Rican people, as it seemed to one who understood their needs better than the President, better than the Secretary of War, better than Congress, better than the American people. That is the truth of the bill's origin, as it will be known officially in due time.

Protectionists favored the legislation from their point of view. Constitutional lawyers urged it in their desire to obtain from the Supreme court a decision on the right to make a separate tariff for these islands. Politicians, sensitive on the subject of giving offense to American labor, believed that a small object lesson on the way oriental competition will be barred, when the Philippines are dealt with, found advantage in the small taxing of Porto Rican commerce. These things were advanced and pressed as reasons for the legislation.

But before all, to account for the bill, was the desire to benefit the Porto Ricans. This inspiration proposed 25 per cent. of the Dingley rates. It limited the operation to two years. It provided that all of the money so raised should be set apart for public expenditure in Porto Rico. In such form the measure was put forward from the standpoint of benefit to the Porto Ricans. The amount was cut from 25 to 15 per cent by the Ways and Means Committee as a concession to the sentiment which had jumped at the conclusion [that the tariff was the imposition of an unjust burden upon the islanders.

The world knows the story of the deplorable condition of the Porto Ricans. To demoralization of war and confusion incident upon change of government and markets, was added the ruinous hurricane. Charity for six months has kept life in a considerable part of the population. The first and best step lay in the direction of the removal of restrictions on the trade between the island and the United States. But, at the same time, it was absolutely essential that something other than rations be provided to restore habits of industry and normal conditions. A revenue was demanded. It was wanted for the employment of the idle labor upon public works as the start toward the restoration of the island's industries. The highest good to the greatest number of the Porto Ricans seemed to dictate a reduction of the tariff by three-fourths, with the retention of one-fourth to give the revenue which might make of the island something more than 3,000 square miles of a pauper farm. This is how the tariff bill came to be drawn as something better for Porto Rico than entire freedom of trade, which the President and the Secretary of War had recommended previously. It was this view which brought about the President's acquiescence in the idea of a small tariff. There was no other way to raise the revenue so much needed. And when the amount had been reduced so as to cut materially the amount which could be utilized in stimulating industry and independence it was this situation that prompted the President to send in immediately his message returning to Porto Rico for public purposes all of the cus-

toms collected since the occupation. There has been no "wobbling" at the White House in regard to Porto Rico.

Regard for the voice of the people is one of the most marked of Mr. McKinley's traits. But it is a regard so deeply grounded and so long and thoroughly exercised that it waits to be sure the voice is an expression of deliberate judgment. There ought to be only commendation of such a trait and its exercise. In the Republic the voice of the people should be the voice of the Government. Yet fault is found that the President is over cautious, that he panders to popularity, that he is timid. The evidence must be apparent in the operation of the trait. In the three years of the Administration where are the occasions, when, by waiting to have the nation with him in each successive step, the President has erred or the public interests have sustained loss? Where are the other occasions when the deliberation necessary for united and unanimous action has not proven its value? The Administration has not been without mistakes. The President would thank nobody for the assertion that his foresight has been equal to his hindsight. But comparison must be made between totals of mistakes and of success. By this comparison the President's ever-present respect for the popular will will be judged.

Hanna! Fortunate is the President who has a buffer willing to be charged with the disappointments of office-seekers, and the grievances of selfish friends. Hanna is an ideal buffer. He stands between the President and the political knockers, and he never flinches. If Benjamin Harrison had had a Hanna he might have served a second term.

The impression that Senator Hanna has great influence with the President has a certain foundation. When it comes to recognition of party services of which Mr. Hanna as chairman of the national committee is cognizant his support is valuable at the White House, if the recognition be not too great. It is much to a President who prefers to do the agreeable, who likes to keep all friends, who would rather grant a favor than deny it, to have some one whose skin is thick, whose manner is aggressively blunt and who can swear.

Hanna is held responsible for what the President cannot do. The vials of wrath of those turned down are poured upon his head. Hanna is damned for the little things the Administration does not do. It is but a step to behold Hanna likewise responsible for matters of more moment. And as the account of complaint grows against Hanna, a part for him in the policies and the great achievements is imagined, until his relations to the President are distorted into what prompts the preposterous expressions quoted in the beginning—"puppet of the showman Hanna."

No man can win the friends and hold the confidence of the people, until he is fifty-seven years of age, as William McKinley has done, without reason. Fourteen years a Member of Congress, four years Governor of Ohio, three years President, with unanimous renomination awaiting him, he cannot be called "the little man in the White House."



UNFASHIONABLENESS OF LETTERS.

BY PERCIVAL POLLARD.

(For the Mirror.)

WE were humming down the Avenue, our glittering vehicle proclaiming its progress in that purring stage whisper that is still the inalienable right of even the most modern automobile.

The smart young person beside me was apparelled so admirably that mere artists admitted her taste, while slavish devotees of modes considered her a model of fashion. As to just what she wore—I am not advertising what the provincials call "the styles." It is possible that her coat shocked the unenlightened; yet, for that sparkling, tingling morning, and for the pace we were making through the town, it struck the exact, harmonious note.

Our conversation had touched all manner of subjects. Whether they rode straighter at Hempstead or at Rich-

mond; whether Aiken or Aix was the most penitential spot; and whether the studio-set or the coaching-set was the most diverting. These things we had trifled with; also such fascinating questions as to whether it was the old Knickerbockers or the New Millionaires that most deserved the envy of the social outsiders of Manhattan.

As our wheels and our conversation shot now into this opening, now that, my companion gave, from time to time, little nods to right and left. She had the pretty trick of taking things for granted: She never asked me if I knew who this or that person was, nor did she proffer gratuitous elucidations. About affairs or persons with which she did me the honor of supposing me familiar, she spoke with the easy indirectness that is the method of all who are not either obtuse or literal. When we passed a handsome young woman, and my companion remarked, "Do you think she will dance herself into a dukedom?" I knew at once whom she meant, and to what curious similarity in the methods of theatric and social fashions she referred. Fashions differ in nearly all the superficial affairs of life; one season it will be considered smart to go in for music, another will veer to vaudeville, another to horse, and yet others to pseudo-Parisian saloons, to masked balls, and to foreign princes. The immediate season was a curious jumble of all these interests; the town was divided into a number of cliques, and to be in some slight measure devoted to all these varying pastimes was to have the hallmark of the elect. So my fair companion's remarks, following her recognitions of this and that person passed or encountered, furnished a very adequate key to all that was really dominant in the minds of our fashionables.

"To think," she exclaimed, on one occasion, "that there was once a time when a 'best dressed man in New York' was possible! We met him just now; did you notice how rococo, he seemed. Everyone who is anyone is well-dressed nowadays; to be singled out would be to be blighted."

To which I ventured that she was right enough, but, surely there was some virtue in the individual note, in the eccentricity of a Whistler, a George Francis Train. But she merely smiled a smile that put my tolerance in the light of a carelessness.

"And there," she laughed, presently, "are the Parisian Midgets. How absurd he always looks! With those foolish collars and trousers. I don't care what you say, our men know how to dress. Foreigners don't. For my part, it would take more than a title to deaden my horror of being seen with a person who wore such impossible clothes!"

If my companion seemed to emphasize the externals of people, she was, I remember, only voicing the keynote of fashionable thought. We saw noted singers, and famous players; old beaux and fresh belles; political notabilities and kings of corruption. The human landmarks of the town gave to both of us some passing reflection.

"What a handsome man!" said my companion at last, as a certain fine figure, to her unfamiliar, bowed. "Knows how to wear his clothes, too!"

"Yes," I said, "most people concede him that. He is a poet; a poet, and novelist." I named him.

There was genuine surprise in the answer. "Dear me! Somehow, I always thought—" Then she looked at me, and smiled slightly. I was glad I had not told her the extent of my own dependence upon literature.

"Yes, I know what you thought. It is still one of the superstitions. Murger and George Moore and Du Maurier have all fostered the theory that writing men and painting men, the world over, dress like scarecrows, seldom wash and never cut their hair. A now almost extinct race of newspaper men has also done much to aid this illusion; it was a race that thought it could never be brilliant while sober. But," and I waved my arm in the direction of my acquaintance, "you see—we have changed all that."

"He was certainly good to look at. The smartest figure, I should say, on the Avenue to-day." Encounters with a famous leader of cotillions, a beauty whose profile vied with her Boston terriers for being her chief distinction, and a noted polo-player, gradually wiped the incident from my companion's memory.

But, while I made the rejoinders that politeness demanded, I found myself quite unable to hark away, mentally, from the subject that my friend's appearance had suggested. And, the more I considered, the more it seemed to me by no means difficult to discover the somewhat infrequent intimacy that exists between smart society and letters. The fact is that smart society's reading has but a limited field, of native growth, at least, over which to range. How seldom is the appeal of a writer to the fashionables? Or, when his appeal is in that direction, how seldom is he properly equipped? There are the hundreds who write with a mind for what they conceive to be the taste of the Man on the Street; there are the few who write for critical laurels; those who aim merely to please themselves; and those—a class that covers a majority of the total—who write purely and simply for profit.

"The smartest figure on the Avenue!" My companion's words recurred to me.

"Of how many books can one say, do you suppose, as Thackeray once did, in other words, of another publication, that they are written by smart people for smart people?"

"I haven't the faintest idea," was the obviously perfunctory answer.

"I use the word smart." I went on, ignoring her indifference, "to carry the meaning that the fashion of the moment has attached to it, and that you yourself implied a while ago; it is to stand for the uttermost sublimation of the fine flowers of mode and thought. We may read, in the merely mercantile pages, what are the books that are selling best; but what proportion of those figures is contributed by such of our friends as are blazoned through the newspapers as the most prominent of the town's personages?"

"A very small one, I dare say."

"True, a very small one. It is not where the social atmosphere is rarest that one hears conversation compelling the belief that not to have read this or that novel is to be an outsider. No; I fear it is but seldom that our upper regions are at all touched by the appreciations and discussions of the folk who actually make up that curious entity, the reading public."

"Are you accusing society?" At last she was roused into some semblance of interest.

"Not for a moment. Whether it is society's preference for things unliterary, or a lack of smartness in the persons or the works of our writers, that brings this state of things about, is a nice question that I do not purpose to settle. But I think you will agree that the persons prominent in hunting, in polo, in golf, in yachting, in dancing, and in theatricals, are much more familiar to you than are even our most modish writers?"

"Far more," she assented. "But I do not think it is our fault. I do not recall an American who is so attuned to the smartness of the social hour as, in England, Mr. Hichens, Mr. Benson, and even Mr. Hope are."

"Ah, so you read 'Dodo' and 'The Green Carnation' in their day? You prove my point. Ephemeral as those books were, they went straight to the hearts of smartness and its devotees. Even Mr. Hichens' trick—and Mr. Benson employs it equally—of employing an occasional caricature from real life, has its value in attracting the amusement of the fashionables. Both Mr. Winston Churchill and Mr. Robert Chambers have, in milder manner, tried this method of portraiture in America, through 'The Celebrity' and 'Outsiders'; though Mr. Churchill, for one, has always maintained that the caricature of Mr. Richard Harding Davis was entirely an invention of the public. The English Mr. Benson, strangely enough, is the one who has given to recent fiction the most vivid caricature of an American."

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Leiter, in 'Mammon & Co.' I remember!"

"Yes. Then there is Mr. Hichens' latest novel, 'The Slave,' that has more social caricature than any of the others. As for the trick of dialogue in the correct social manner, or an improvement on it, Mr. Hope has undoubtedly

ly caught it, and, on this side of the water, Mr. Clyde Fitch tried for it in a little volume called 'The Smart Set,' but I do not think it went far. Mr. Edgar Saltus, some years ago, was accepted as readable by the elect. Whether our newer generation, calloused by the crude impudicities of the century's end, would thrill as easily over 'The Truth About Tristram Varick' as its forbears did, is a matter of perplexity. But there is no denying that Mr. Saltus was, and is, essentially of the smart; in his person and in his writings. Both his barber and his tailor are skilful."

"Have we passed him to-day?" I smiled to note how quickly a concrete image fanned my companion's attention.

"Oh, I shall not tell you. But I assure you there is quite a goodly number of our writers whom even the most heedless fashionable might take to be one of his or her kind. Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich is the beau of all of them, and Mr. Marion Crawford, Mr. Harding Davis, Mr. Hopkinson Smith, and Mr. Clinton Ross are impossible to mistake for the slipshod style of Bohemian whom the benighted provincials—"

"Thank you!" My companion's tone was quite brusque, but she smiled.

"Don't mention it. It is as easy to be provincial on Manhattan Island as on the Isle of Man. Where was I? Whom the provincial, I was going to say, considers the type of a poet or a novelist. And then there are the ladies."

"I was wondering if you were going to give them a chance?"

"Oh, all the chance in the world! There are many of them who are of the smart, rather than of the mere blue-stocking element. Mrs. Burton Harrison, Mrs. 'Julien Gordon' Cruger, Mrs. Crowninshield and Mrs. Atherton all have their adherents. The balance is well struck by the American women who write; where there is a lack in the personal element of smartness, there is a corresponding element of smartness in the subject and manner of their writing."

"I suppose," said my companion, "that some persons are smart in print, and some in person. You ask too much when you expect an equal brilliance on both scores."

"Perhaps. Yet two Americans, one of each sex, come close to this. They are both of them exiles by choice. Few indeed are the writers who seem so fit for the approval of the smart as Mrs. Craigie and Mr. Henry James. Yet I suppose it would be rash to assume for either of them any large popularity in fashionable circles?"

"One goes to 'The Ambassador,'" was the reply.

"Ah, but we are considering books. The written comedies of Mrs. Craigie, like the dialogue of Lady Wilde's son, scintillate so rapidly as to constitute a danger for all but the most robust intellects, while the lives of our fashionables are too full, too replete with a multitude of interests and excitements, to allow of the concentration proper for the reading of Mr. James' sentences." I paused for a moment. I tried to think of other names to cite. But none would come to me.

"You made a very small list," urged my companion.

"Is the proportion that we like really so insignificant. Do we so rarely create a vogue in books? This present run on novels about American history, have we had nothing to do with that?"

"Very little, I believe. The concern of smart people in the flippancies of Mr. George Ade or Mr. Peter Dunne far exceeds their care for books of political or military significance. It was certainly not the smart set that pushed 'David Harum' or any of our other recent American successes, and I dare say there are quite as many of its members who have read Mr. Fairman Rogers' 'Manual of Coaching' as have read 'Richard Carvel.'"

"But didn't you see that some of us did a musical version of Omar's Rubaiyat the other day? It was in one of the best houses in town; they were the best people."

"Yes, but you see that very version had long been worn threadbare by the devotees of music before the devotees of fashion awoke to its beauties and uses."

"You talk as if you thought there was a prejudice against literature, as if—"

"Oh, I meant nothing of the kind. Those old prejudices against writing as a profession are surely dying, but I consider it rash to declare that in smart circles there is anything more than a languid interest as to writers and writings. The times that see the bend sinister of vagabondage removed from players and singers have also seen writing folk considered fit for fashionable intercourse. The dilettante is abroad in the land, and the pockets of publishers are occasionally fattened from the purses of those willing to pay for self-printed fame. Occasionally we rub shoulders, in the cotillion, the opera-box, the skating-rink, or the drawing-room, with a man or woman who writes smartly, and lives smartly, but we do our best to remember only his or her personal qualifications and forget the other. Don't you?"

The sudden directness of my question made her smile. But she was not to be caught.

"It is not like you," she said, "to fish for compliments."

Long as it may have taken to go over this conversation of ours, it had actually consumed but a few moments of our time. As I came to the end of my circle of thought, finding myself still at the unanswered wonder about the causes for the languor of society's interest in letters, I rested my eyes upon my companion's face. And there I found, I believe, at least a partial solution.

The storm and stress of the season had left no traces on that face. It was as fresh, as bright, as high in color as the hardiest of wild flowers. This girl could ride to hounds shoot over Carolina preserves, handle a Tilbury or a tiller quite as well as the average man. Her figure showed the results of her outdoor life. There was nothing of the hot-house about her. And there was equally little of the mental forcing-house. There was the solution. The healthy outdoors enthusiasm is dominant in the smart set of today, and for matters of the study and library only the fragments of time and energy are left.

Some day, no doubt, the pendulum will swing another way, and then, perhaps, it will be the turn of indoors. Just now, if writers want the approval of the smart set, it will be their driving, their riding, their polo, their golf, rather than their writing, that will bring it.

My fair companion clinched that view of it when we approached our appointed terminus. She did it quite unconsciously, but all the more surely. When she came to bid me farewell, do you suppose she referred to my trick of dialogue, or the ethics of my newest novel, its moral or its vogue? Not for a moment. What she said was:

"Your automobile is quite the smartest I have been in."

AN AMERICAN COMMONER.

BY WILLIAM VINCENT BYARS.

[For the MIRROR.]

THE Goths of the Fourth Century of the Christian era spoke a language which any one, who will take the small pains necessary to go below the surface, can easily identify with the language which, from time to time, I have heard spoken during free-fights in ward meetings, or by statesmen in National conventions, or by bishops and other ecclesiastics in conventions called at the instance of great financiers to "disseminate Christianity and Anglo-Saxon civilization."

The language of Ulphilas has always attracted me, and I love a Goth for his own sake—as well as for my own, being one of the breed. But the extent to which any given Goth has, at any time, attained actual self-consciousness is always a debatable one.

We are shaved and combed by the same barbers, and we wear clothes cut to look as much alike as possible. We buy the same newspapers, and have the same moral and intellectual crazes. We are humbugged in the same ways, and when, as a result of "our own folly suffering beyond fate," we are almost sick enough to be ashamed of our-

selves, the doctors, the country over, make us too sick for repentance by giving us the same unutterable nostrums they have got out of the last pages of the same medical magazines.

All this seems to draw us very closely together intellectually and morally, as it does in some other ways, but it by no means follows that we are, therefore, living in the same century. I know a much-admired preacher, once a Goth of the Tenth Century, who has recently removed to the Fourth. A Bishop, whom I am proud to count among my acquaintances, is now living in the Thirteenth Century before Christ, after having gained at least three centuries in the last six months. By next year, he will surely be advanced as far as the Middle Ages, unless, in the meantime, there is some great intellectual epidemic which will take him back to the age of the mammoth and cave-bear, and set him to hunting a stone axe with which to insert his patriotic, religious, or other, views into the craniums of those who will not yield to his moral suasion.

Nothing is more delusive than what we call Chronology, and one of the worst of its delusions is that we have all been living "under Nineteenth Century civilization." I have discovered, in the last twenty years, perhaps a dozen men, all told, who were actually as civilized as I and my other acquaintances like to think we are. I do not say that I ever had an intimate personal acquaintance with so large a number of actually civilized men,—but that I had a scientific knowledge of them, based on classification of their phenomena, and that I was able to identify approximately the distance, in point of time, they were living beyond me, and those who, like me, approach more closely the Gothic type of the time of Ulphilas. In other words, I am asserting a claim to be able to identify an actually civilized man, after a study of his traits sufficient to find out what the reality in him is, apart from what his barber, his newspaper, his banker, his cook, his business partners, clients, or employers have imposed on him, with or without his knowledge.

So, when I am asked to tell what it was that has attracted me in the character of the late Richard Parks Bland I can answer simply and comprehensively that he was civilized.

This does not mean that he had ceased to be representative of the average humanity of Missouri. On the contrary, he represented it more thoroughly than any other public man of his time and, in the year of his death, he was the only public man left in the State with the courage to speak above his breath in representing it. It is better now, of course, and it will soon be better still. But that bears largely on another subject and the special subject we are discussing at present is the ability to represent the high, creative, evolutionary forces inherent in the masses of the people of Missouri as they are in unspoiled people everywhere. No one but a good man and a brave man can do this and Bland was brave enough and good enough, by right of his own individuality, to be able, at the great crisis of his career, to assert it against the temporary reaction incident to some sudden development of atavism.

Intellect, which is by some considered a reality in itself, is only a mode by which reality expresses itself. The most active intellect I ever watched in operation was merely a symptom of disease—a mode of expressing its owner's desire to get the better of every one—to deceive everyone in order to defraud. In other intellects, developed through what is called culture in art and literature, it is a too familiar spectacle to see the operations of a reality of sensual barbarism lower than that of any illiterate Goth of the Black Sea horde—of any Saxon, accepting baptism under the menace of Charlemagne's axemen.

So I come to the second trait in Bland which attracted me most—his sanity. Sanity must be moral at bottom or it can not exist at all. The man who is morally insane at any given time can not remain so without becoming intellectually diseased at another given time. He may make the most plausible, the most beautiful pretensions to virtue, patriotism, mildness, gentleness, the love of God and man—but his judgment day will come and in sight of God and man he will strip off his false pretenses and stand confessed in his intellectual and moral imbecility—in all his hideous

incompatibility with his pretenses, as, during the last four years, so may men pretending to high intellectual and moral graces have done.

During the fifteen years of my personal observation of Mr. Bland's life, I found him sane,—sane because he was virtuous! Being virtuous, he was manly, self-contained and self-directed. In a word his most characteristic trait was goodness. He was one of two men I have known in American politics of whose essential goodness I was firmly convinced in my earliest acquaintance with them, as I am now, when both are dead and I review all I know of them.

In saying that both are dead, I do not mean to reflect on the living, but merely this—that the man who is essentially good is potentially great and that there is no other greatness than this—no other which, in its results, can stand the test of time. All other is merely negative—merely the shadow on a magic-lantern screen.

Because Bland would not use it to take advantage of others or to destroy them by folly, God, who never makes mistakes in choosing His men, gave him an analytical intellect—the greatest and most painful gift he can give anyone. By virtue of its possession, Bland found his way, sooner or later, to the bottom of every question which engaged his mind. He got at the right and wrong of it as no man can do unless he loves right and hates wrong. At the bottom of every question, no matter how complex, is a simple question of right and wrong. The use for which the human intellect is intended is to find this principle of right, to recognize it as the permanent reality and to give it validity. Obviously this is impossible for those who merely make a pretense of caring for what is essentially right. Even if they get at fundamental principles, they do not care for them or are repelled by them. It happens thus that only a good man can be really an analytical thinker, able to deal with enduring realities rather than with the merely transitory appearances of reality.

Unfortunately I am not a hero worshipper and when I say that Mr. Bland had the most effective intellect of any public man Missouri has yet produced, not excluding Thomas H. Benton, I am not expressing admiration, but merely stating a judgment as critical as I am capable of forming. It is based chiefly on the fact that the idea he represented has already revolutionized the Nineteenth century and that it is now working, with what seems to me irresistible force, to control the Twentieth. I speak, of course, of the fundamental idea of justice and liberty which controlled his career and not of any single method by which he manifested it. I believe in free trade, in the Sixteen to-One coinage of the precious metals in lieu of corporation paper, and in a general way in all the practical methods he advocated for applying the great scientific idea of evolution he represented. But it is because of the idea itself—not of any one or all of its modes of manifesting itself, that I think his influence on the last quarter of the Nineteenth century greater than that of any other public man of the time—in England or America. As the meaning of the last quarter of the Century is as yet only dimly suspected, this may seem extravagance, but to illustrate what will finally appear the commonplace reality of history, it is enough to instance the single fact that this idea, as he had emphasized it in the West, made possible what was called derisively the "Rainbow-Chasing Campaign" through which Illinois, Kansas, Nebraska, Wisconsin and the Northwest generally were torn loose from the Republican party of the civil war and vested with the same balance of power which the West (Missouri, Illinois, Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky and Tennessee) had used with such revolutionary effect in the days of Benton and Jackson. When the great corporation interests, which in the last decades of the Nineteenth century have so nearly controlled the political machinery of all parties, decided to admit the "Sage Brush States" of the Northwest, they believed that they would thus control the Senate and the Electoral College permanently on the issues of civil war sectionalism then existing. The Democratic campaign managers prepared to renew once more the old and long-lost battle for the retention of

Mason's and Dixon's line. At a critical period, when it influence promised to be compelling, an influential Democratic authority, seeing in the next ten years not only the possibility but the immanent certainty of a great political revolution in forcing issues on the idea Bland represented, "swung out of line" with the party managers and declared that the "Sage Brush States" must be admitted without opposition and without the attempt to admit "Democratic territory" with them. They were admitted accordingly, and from this beginning, through three presidential campaigns, the work done by Mr. Bland and by those who understood the immensity of the forces behind him, operated to force a climax which can be seen now in political revolution, existing as a fact already accomplished. The politics of 1900 in both parties are as different from those of 1872, when Mr. Blynd entered public life, as those of 1872 were from the campaign in which Jefferson defeated John Adams.

It may be believed by some that the results of this work are lost in national politics; and that since Mr. Bland's death the issues in Missouri politics are chiefly between the stipendiaries of National banks and the retainers of railroads whose only pretext of virtue is that loud abuse of each other which is periodically indulged in prior to every division of spoils for the purpose of forcing the largest concessions to the man who seems capable of making himself most disagreeable. It is true that such conditions do exist, but they are mere commonplace negations which do not affect the permanent, positive realities of progress. Banks and railroads, great co-operative combinations in social, industrial and political life are necessary incidents of progress and as the result of selfishness acting through them, we have many low and revolting forms of such reversion towards the primitive type as are frequently called knavery or scoundrelism. But it is irrational to be discouraged because of these, and no one can be, when against the lives of a thousand such as those who have attempted or are still attempting to huckster away the result of Bland's work, we can set in comparison the measured, stately, irresistible movement of the omnipotent forces of goodness on which he relied, through which he worked, for which he stood.

I heard the late Matthew Arnold, when he delivered in St. Louis some twenty years ago his celebrated address on Numbers and the Remnant. His position has been misconceived by some, and he has been denounced for holding what he did not hold—that the majority ought to be governed against its will. He expressly denied this, however, as I found not long ago when reading over the address. What he did hold is, that the great mass of people always tends to become devitalized—that the world's vitality comes only from a remnant of good and brave men who are, through their own self-sacrifices, become saviors of civilization. This is no new theory, for, long before Arnold, it was said that the gate of improvement is strait, the way narrow. But those who take it, those who dare appeal to the good instead of the evil in humanity, doing it at their own expense as Bland did, will always win the world's greatest victories, while those who cunningly appeal to the base, the low, the treacherous, the cruel instincts of human nature, will find at last their knavery perish with them in the triumph of the positive and restorative forces of civilization. They are the weeds on the muck-heap of civilization, springing from filth that they may blend with it and be forgotten in it when, in spite of them, it comes to fertilize the roots of progress. If the evil in the world comes from the masses, so does the good. They have in them the infinite possibilities, the boundless powers of progress and they will give this power to any one who has the courage to trust the good that is in them. It was because Bland did this habitually that he is best defined as "An American Commoner." Of the work he did through the power of the people for progress, nothing is lost, for their power remains,—not as it was before he lived but increased by the cube of his work. They will be able to use it to the full extent of their love of justice. That is the only question of progress for the masses, now and at every other time—the question of the extent to which they themselves really love justice, as it differs from mere self-interest.

HOW THE TRUSTS "BUST."

BY FRANCIS A. HUTER.

[For the MIRROR.]

THE year 1899 was, unquestionably, one of extreme optimism and great business activity. A successful war, colonial acquisitions, and an unlimited supply of funds at low rates conditioned an almost unprecedented state of prosperity. The wave of speculation was going high in the first three months, but subsided towards the close of the year. We all remember the wild scenes which took place in Wall street; prices soared to dizzy and inconceivable heights and speculative transactions assumed immense proportions. If we look back upon the scenes and records of that time, they appear like a hideous nightmare. Everybody seemed to be infected with the craze and to have lost all conception of value and merit. The disturbances which followed, and which culminated in the panic of the eighteenth day of last December, had been foreseen and predicted by careful observers, and this is probably the reason why the results of the final crash were less calamitous than would otherwise have been the case.

It is safe to state that Wall street would not have undergone such exciting experiences, if the trust-promoting mania had not been running riot, and led to huge overcapitalization and stupendous inflation. Every large and small concern throughout the length and breadth of the country was visited by the trust-promoter, and overwhelmed with propositions to enter a combination of some kind or other. It goes without saying that many and, as a rule, the weakest concerns, accepted the propositions with alacrity and sold their properties at an enormous overvaluation. A few millions more or less did not cut much figure with the promoters, as long as they were assured of substantial commissions and percentages.

There were some wonderful combinations. Trusts were organized with a capitalization that almost baffled imagination. Big prices were paid for properties which, three or four years ago, could not pay their fixed charges, and were, therefore, heavily indebted. Every day brought forth a new addition to the array of trusts. There were the various steel trusts, the tin trust, steel hoop, tube, clay-pipe, brick, coffin, tobacco, copper, paper, salt, cement, fish, rubber and other trusts, of infinite variety and still "more infinite" capital.

The climax of the promoting debauch was reached when arrangements were made to form a steel trust with a capitalization of \$1,000,000. The plans were laid in a billiard-room in Chicago, but the venture looked so audacious, alarming and stupendous that the prominent financial interests in New York became frightened, and decided to call a halt by putting up interest-rates and tightening their purse-strings. This, of course, restricted loaning accommodations and made it rather hazardous and unprofitable for the rapacious underwriting syndicates to undertake the floating of the gigantic amount of securities. The advance in money rates pricked the bubble and marked the culmination of trust-promotion. Values on the stock exchange began to recede rapidly, the shares of some newly organized combines dropping from 10 to 30 points within a few weeks. The liquidation process had begun and has continued up to this day.

Some startling developments and revelations accompanied the downward movement, particularly in connection with the U. S. Flour Milling, American Malting, and International Paper Companies. The securities of the U. S. Flour Trust have become almost valueless, and depreciated more than 70 points, the concern now being in the renovating hands of a receiver. The stockholders of the American Malting Co., after inaugurating an investigation, appointed a committee for reorganization and reforming purposes, not, however, until after they had witnessed a tremendous decline in the value of their holdings. They discovered that dividends that were never earned, had been paid on the preferred stock; that is to say, money was borrowed to

pay 7 per cent. dividends, in order to allay the suspicions of security-holders and stave off the inevitable.

No receiver has been appointed for the International Paper Co., but the stockholders can also tell an interesting tale of disappointment and woe. The company is still paying 6 per cent. on the preferred stock, and the officials claim to have no anxiety whatever regarding the future, but the knowing ones are of a different opinion. Competition is increasing rapidly and will eventually make a serious inroad into the revenues of the trust. Three quarterly dividends of 1 per cent. each had been paid on the common stock until the "insiders" had disposed of their holdings. After they had sold at lucrative prices, dividend-payments were stopped very suddenly. The promoters, of course, had originally received the common stock as a bonus, along with the preferred stock. Fantastic stories were current, about twelve months ago, in reference to the earnings and the future of the International Paper Co. The common stock was eagerly bought by the unsophisticated at from 65 to 68, because, forsooth, the late Hon. R. P. Flower had advised the purchase of the securities and was reputed to hold a large amount of them. There is, of course, the threadbare and rather silly adage: "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*," but one cannot but suspect the motives and sincerity of Mr. Flower in talking in such glowing and seductive language regarding the paper trust and its securities, particularly since it has become known that he held only one share of the common stock at the time of his sudden death. People who bought the stock at top-prices can now see it go begging at 20; it sold at 15 some weeks ago.

The common shares of the iron and steel and kindred trusts will experience a similar fate. Their value has not as yet shrunk to an alarming extent, but there is every reason to believe that their day has passed, and that they will have a rough experience within the next year or two. The earnings of the different steel combines are still large, and substantial dividends are being paid on the preferred and some common stocks, but it would be very foolish to assume that present conditions will last indefinitely.

The industrial development of the United States has certainly been most remarkable, even phenomenal; it excites the surprise and envy of all our competitors in the world's commerce. We will, in the not distant future, be the greatest commercial and industrial nation on the face of the globe, because our resources are practically inexhaustible. Neither England nor Germany can compete with us in iron ore and coal supplies. The future belongs to that country which has the greatest supply of this kind.

While the future industrial supremacy of the United States is, therefore, assured, the fact must not be overlooked that development will be gradual; it cannot be rushed. The steel combines which were organized in the last two years have, however, discounted the future at a precipitate gait. They have been organized on a basis of earnings made during exceedingly prosperous times, when the most rudimentary common sense should have taught the promoters to base the capitalization on the revenues of lean years. While dividend-payments on the preferred stock may be maintained, there cannot be a vestige of doubt that dividends on the common stock will never be paid, or, if they have already been paid will soon have to be stopped.

The Federal Steel Co., with a capitalization of \$100,000,000, paid a dividend on the common stock for the year 1899, and the stockholders patted themselves on the back, because they had been lucky enough to buy at low prices during the December smash-up. A few days ago, however, their dreams were rudely shattered, when the President of the Company, Judge Gary, made the statement that nothing would be paid on the common stock during the current fiscal year. It was only last January that the same President expressed his confidence in the earning capacity of his company and predicted that the revenues for 1900 would be largely in excess of those of last year. The gullible stockholders, who had been lulled into the delusion of having made a good and profitable investment, have had a lesson

in trust-management which they will not forget so very soon.

According to the *Commercial and Financial Chronicle*, of New York, the total capitalization of trusts, during the year 1899, amounted to more than \$3,500,000,000, composed of about \$2,360,000,000 common and \$900,000,000 preferred stock. The amount of preferred stock probably represents, approximately, the actual value of the properties involved, although even this is much in doubt. The huge amount of common stock represents a draft on the future, which may never be cashed. If the trust capitalization of 1898 is included, the grand total will be more than \$5,000,000,000.

Now, the question is: Has the national wealth increased sufficiently in the last three years to absorb this mass of new and untried securities? The reply will obviously be in the negative. These inflated industrial stocks are mostly carried with borrowed money, and will be carried until distribution among the public has been completed, or until something occurs to force syndicate holders to liquidate. It is likely that the last crash will come as soon as the process of distribution has been ended, when business activity is decreasing and dividend payments on common stocks have become an impossibility.

In a discussion of the consolidation of industrial enterprises, and the watering of securities, one must not overlook the importance of such an important factor as competition. The larger the profits in any line of business, the stronger becomes the desire to compete. The tremendous activity in the iron and steel trade has resulted in rapidly growing competition, and there are now unmistakable indications that production is slowly overtaking consumption again. The high prices of steel products will seriously restrict consumptive demand and cause a renewed accumulation of supplies, and this, in turn, will, sooner or later, lead to a slashing of prices, the shutting-down of many plants, large reduction in profits and a cessation of dividend-payments.

The late developments in the sugar trade vividly illustrate how inevitably large profits and big dividends on the capital stock of a corporation provoke competition. For several years, the American Sugar Refining Co., commonly known as the "Sugar Trust," controlled about seventy-five per cent of the sugar trade in the United States, and found little difficulty in forcing one competitor after another to terms. There were, indeed, very few persons who believed that the trust would ever find it necessary to reduce dividend-payments on its common stock. Many investors put their capital in the securities, which paid 12 per cent per annum with regularity, and the number of shareholders increased to almost 30,000. At last, however, a powerful competitor arose, with abundant capital to enter into a prolonged and destructive contest with the trust. The trust officials were at first disposed to treat the matter indifferently, and expressed confidence in their ability to force the Arbutkles out of the field within a few months. However, after a bitter warfare of more than sixteen months, the struggle still continues, and bids fair to last a good many months longer. The surplus of the trust dwindled away rapidly, the directors became alarmed, and found it necessary to cut the dividend on the common stock in twain. At the present time, predictions can be heard that the dividend will have to be passed altogether before the current calendar year is past. As a natural result of the fierce competition and the havoc played with profits, the shares have depreciated about sixty points in value.

There are, undoubtedly, some industrial combines which will survive and justify the confidence of shareholders. The consolidation movement is a natural outgrowth of changed economic conditions throughout the civilized world, and there should be no opposition to it in principle, as long as it does not lead to upheavals in business and dangerous and unjustifiable methods of inflation. An inflated capitalization will necessarily cause disturbances, both directly and indirectly, and prove a curse to the people. A transgression of the axiomatic rules of business and finance has always to be atoned for. The atonement may be deferred, but it cannot be prevented.

THE MARSHES IN APRIL.

BY ERNEST MCGAFFEY.

(For the MIRROR.)

THE marshes in April begin to show a livelier green, and to deck their edges with various bright colors. Nearly every trace of winter has been blotted out. The dead sedge is hidden by sheets of emerald grass, and only in some out of the way corners is there a hint of the ravages which marked the path of the months gone by. In these nooks one may find a clump of faded cat-tails, their stalks broken or bent, their rusted brown heads flaking off and scattering as the winds go over. Violets spring up on the outer skirts of the swampy spots, together with little starry flowers of white and yellow hardly noticeable to the careless comer. Bulrushes rise in olive-green masses, their graceful tips tilting to the silent waters. Willows, stunted and sparse, stand here and there, the furry "catkins" of March having been superseded by the more mature buddings. The distant timber lines are still black, but soon to lighten with countless hosts of shimmering leaves. The rushes and canes, the wild rice and tawny marsh grass, brood over a waste of dreaming pools and lonely stretches. Musk-rat houses dot the shallower portions of the marsh, dusky heaps of rushes, piled high by the industry of these cunning water-rats. In many places the water is amber-hued, darkened by slivers of decaying reeds and shadowed by the overhanging cover. In some niches it holds the sunlight as a goblet holds wine, with sparkles at the rim, and beaded bubbles welling up to break upon the surface. All this marks the silences of the marsh, the ineffable sadness tinged with a yearning joy. As a nun's face might light with a smile at sight of a sleeping child.

The weather-beaten lines of an old skiff, deserted and rotting, lie in one of the coves, and beside it a school of tadpoles wriggle in inky density. On the boat's bow a solitary mud-turtle dozes in the sun, his black and yellow markings proclaiming his ancient and honorable race. Myriads of glistening water-bugs dart back and forth over the water, weaving a maze of invisible lines across its glassy floor. Marsh-spiders stretch silky threads, filmy with dew, from reed to reed, and this tether sways in silvery lightness with every wandering gust. The little black rails dodge in and out of the rushes, their rapid, noiseless movements giving only a hint of their passing. Further in shore, where the denser growth tangles into a brake, the hollow, guttural cry of a bittern comes mournfully out at intervals. Sometimes a red-winged black-bird perches on a cat-tail stalk, and sends out a joyous whistle of the most care-free abandon. Sometimes the cow-blackbirds fly over in long flocks, without a sound. And at rare intervals the crow black-birds, the red-wings and the cow-birds sweep across in a scattered mass, chattering and clacking, to spread suddenly in irregularly fan-shaped curves and light when they reach the trees beyond. Occasionally a journeying yellow-hammer is seen flying from one point of woods to another across the marshes. His strong wings flail the atmosphere with regular strokes, his curving flight with its up and down dips soon covers the distance between. And perched on a topmost branch of some oak or hickory he poses statue-like, a bright fleck in the sunlight.

Marsh-hawks or harriers, their broad wings tacking here and there sail warily about these wildernesses. They are great hunters of mice and such small deer, and the plover, snipe, rail and other birds are their lawful prey. And woe to the wounded duck that has escaped the hunters when this freebooter discovers his whereabouts. There is a poise, a dart, a finishing of what man begun, and only scattered feathers to tell the story. If you push a duck-boat into the more remote fens you may be rewarded by seeing a brace of belated mallards rise from the bogs, their long necks reaching out and usually a startled "quack, quack, quack" issuing from their opened bills. Or maybe a lone teal will skurry past, the very sense of music in his flight, the least possible crisping of the air to mark his

symmetrical course. No painter can draw a line on canvas like the flight of wild-fowl along the sky.

Where the shallow "slues" extend out from the marsh the "tip-ups" stay, those spotted sand-pipers whose grotesque bobbing up and down have given them their nicknames. They are oftenest found singly, and they assume such an absurd air of importance at the sight of a man that it might be imagined they were first in the list of game birds. They will run a few paces, tilt their bodies up and down, skim along a few yards further, bob again and finally take wing in a jerky, irregular way with a petulant cry at being disturbed. Along the sides of these little "slues," at the edges and among the boggy spots, the jack-snipe, true game-bird and cunning, hides. You will not see him one time in five hundred until he flies. And then with what a bound he is in the air, twisting, gyrating and reeling off the yards of space. He usually gets up with a startled "skeap, skeap," as if he could not rid himself of nervousness at the nearness of man. If he has not been shot at much he may pitch down seventy-five or a hundred yards away, spreading out his wings as he lights so that you can see the barred appearance of his under wing-feathers. In the fields next to the marshes the slue-grass is occasionally cut by some marsh-dweller and piled along the dryer reaches of land. And here, especially if cattle have tramped it over and wallowed it about without breaking down but only scattering the cover, the jack-snipe are often found in great numbers. They will rise singly and in doubles, some starting up into the air, and some skimming along close to the ground.

If a pair of them flush, and they are birds that have been hunted much, it is interesting to watch their manoeuvres. They will rise high in the air until they are mere dim specks, and only an experienced and steady eye can follow the irregular pencilings of their flight through the sky. Here and there they will swerve, veer and tack, passing from one cloud-vista to another. Finally they will begin to descend. The speck becomes a dot, the dot grows to a small shadow, the shadow is etched into a bird. And after a few minutes, if a man remains motionless, they will swing in towards where they were flushed and dart into cover sometimes within fifty yards of the spot from whence they first rose.

In spite of the life and light and color about it, the keynote of a marsh is its extreme sense of loneliness.

"A land that is lonelier than ruin," and the pervading essence of it all is a gentle melancholy. Storms are out of place here where no trees loom to rock before the blasts. Much rest and languor seem natural to these wide savannas of waving grass and sleeping water, framed in by far-down rims of uttermost horizon. The signs of man are few. Perhaps a decaying fragment of a "pusher's" paddle, or the dismantled outlines of a duck "blind." At times the faint report of a hunter's gun and its accompanying wraith of pale smoke, tell of some sportsman plodding along in the marsh. Above the reeds there is a level sea of silence. And there is little to tell of change. The trailing folds of a snow-storm fade and sink in these watery coverts of marsh-growth, and the sleet finds no twigs to girdle with clinging ice. All tokens in all seasons bear with them the message of a deep reserve and drawing away from the world's clamor. And even in the varying moods of April the swift-winged showers emphasize this feeling, as a man stands midway of herdless solitudes while the storm descends and sees

"the empty pastures, blind with rain."

The sky is as changeable as the wind in these early days. Sometimes it is very blue, with now and then light flakes of snowy clouds scattered across; and then it will be a leaden-grey, with wimpled skeins of cloud-film blown across. And sometimes the vast void is a majestic dome, pictured with a moving panorama of cloud, wind and sunlight, and troops of wandering wild-fowl. The shade of a cloud cast on the sun may etch a silhouette of Titanic boldness for a fleeting moment; and then the sunlight reappears, to fall in the space below, a golden cataract that floods the shining marshes. The heights where the blue

deepens overhead seem arched against the rafters of heaven. Below the depths are boundless. The whistling call of a flock of plover comes warningly, their white breasts flash as they wheel solidly past, they fade quickly over a slope, and the silence is accentuated.

Perhaps it may be the dry sedges of yesteryear, overtopped with the living green of fresher herbage. May be it is the flute-like, plaintive whistle of the greater yellow-leg plover. Or it might be that it is the change from sun to shade, from shadow back to sunshine, that steepens the marshes in such a tide of passionate regret. At least the touch is there. And lying on one of the tumbled heaps of forgotten grass, with the sigh of late afternoon winds through the yellowing cane, an autumn wraith seems moving across the dusky waters. Old loves, old days, old tendernesses come back to haunt you, and an echo floats wistfully down the sweet spring air.

"Oh! death in life, the days that are no more."

THE FIGHT FOR GOOD CITY GOVERNMENT.

BY M. A. FANNING, SECRETARY MUNICIPAL ASSOCIATION, CLEVELAND, OHIO.

(For the MIRROR.)

TODAY it is impossible for a notoriously dishonest man to be elected to public office in the City of Cleveland.

This condition is a result of a four years' fight for good city government by the Municipal Association of Cleveland.

The movement is in its infancy. Nevertheless, it can make this boast: It is bad politics for either party in Cleveland to nominate for any office a crook, a boddler, or a man with a rotten record.

This is not to say that corruption has ceased, or that hoodling has become a lost art. Machine politicians still hold us in thrall, and first-class men are beaten for party nominations; but it is meant to assert that whatever crooked work is done is accomplished by men against whom nothing could be alleged when they ran for office.

In other words, to escape the lash of the Municipal Association, the machine politicians have had to drop the expert thieves and put up pigeons.

The boss still stands behind the machinery of nomination, and to a great extent controls it, but he can no longer figure on a "cinch" at the polls, and he is obliged to pass through agonies of hope and fear till the votes are counted, and he knows what the result of the good-government vote has been.

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The Municipal Association is one of about 100 societies affiliated with the National Municipal League.

In 1896 about forty or fifty business and professional men met and effected the organization. They picked out the kind of men throughout the entire community who were above partisanship or office-seeking, and whose names would stand forth against any attack on the basis of selfish or unworthy motives. These were brought into the Association. About 500 members were secured among the thoughtful people of the community: professional men, educators, clergymen, philanthropists, reformers, sociologists—the kind of men that in every community labor for the uplifting of the people. Every shade of political and religious belief was represented. A constitution, with by-laws was drawn up and adopted. Article one specified the name of the organization; article two, its objects, and article three, conditions of membership which, as they state, the objects of the Association are given as follows:

Any citizen or taxpayer of the City of Cleveland shall be eligible to membership, and shall be enrolled as a member, subject to the approval of the Membership Committee, upon subscribing to the following statement of the objects of the Association and upon payment of dues (\$1 a year) for the current year.

"The undersigned, believing that the citizens of Cleveland should take a more active and earnest part in municipal affairs, desires to be enrolled as a member of the Municipal Association of the City of Cleveland, and hereby signifies his purpose to aid

in the promotion of the objects of such an Association, which are: to disseminate instructive information relative to the government of the City of Cleveland; to devise and advocate plans for its improvement; to promote business-like, honest and efficient conduct in municipal affairs; to promote the choice of competent officials; to encourage faithful performance of public duty; to secure the enactment and enforcement of laws for the economical, intelligent and progressive management of the affairs of the City government."

The government of the Association was lodged in the hands of a Committee of Fifty. This Committee created an Executive Committee of Ten, which, with a Secretary, formed the operative force of the Association.

At first the Association attempted little beyond issuing at elections a brief bulletin containing information about the various candidates. For instance, a candidate for city council was presented with his name, age, nationality, how long a resident of the city or a citizen, his business, his general reputation, his educational qualifications and his record in office, if he ever held office. These general outlines presented a man as he would look to the disinterested voter, and stripped of the superlatives of party praise or party vilification. Something like a true idea of the candidate's actual value as a man was thus given, so that his professions as to reform could have the weight of his general character and reputation only. In cases where the candidate was estimable in every way the word "Recommended" was attached to the sketch of his life and character, and where the candidate was not to be trusted the words, "Not recommended" were attached.

Later, as the elections began to prove that those who were recommended by the Association ran ahead of their ticket, and those who were not recommended fell behind, the Association selected for slaughter, candidates who represented a corrupt official system, not making war upon the man so much as upon the principles or practices he represented.

The first effort of this kind was made in the case of a county commissioner who stood for re-election. Our board of county commissioners makes all contracts for county improvements, such as roads, buildings, etc. A corrupt system prevailed. By the "unbalanced bid" scheme in contract work, favorite contractors got all public work. An unbalanced bid is a bid which includes prices for a half dozen or more separate items in a single contract. An honest bid will contain genuine prices for each item. A dishonest bid will be extravagantly high on one line of work (of which most is to be done), and extravagantly low on all other lines. In awarding the contract the commissioners would favor the latter character of bid, because on the whole lot of items the bid would be lower than any other, and the favored contractor would get the contract, knowing in advance that on the low-priced items he would have to do little, if any, work. The Association selected a sample of the public work that the County Commissioners had given out under this system, namely the Boecksville Road contract, and, by a careful analysis of the contract, showed that the county was compelled to pay two or three times what the work should reasonably cost. A campaign that will long be memorable for the strenuous fight made against the re-election of this commissioner, and for the abuse poured upon the "reformers" by the powerful political machine behind the commissioner, resulted in the defeat of the latter by an overwhelming vote. He ran some 13,000 votes behind the head of his ticket.

The next effort of the Association was put forth a year ago, when there came up for re-election a mayor who, representing the anti-Hanna faction of the Republican party and the free-silver wing of the Democratic party, and entrenched behind the most elaborate political machine ever constructed in Cuyahoga county, opposed himself to a gold Democrat whose record for honesty and conservatism had gained for him the confidence of the people. The same result followed. The then existing city administration was routed, horse, foot and dragoons, and the great and wide-spreading Tammany system that it had so carefully constructed, and which had withstood four years of almost constant assault, was shattered to fragments.

This spring the issue was the School Directorship, and the School and City Councils. The Association felt strong enough to stand alone, and consequently opposed the candidates of both the old parties. About 50,000 votes were cast, the non-partisan candidate of the Association receiving 10,000, the Democratic candidate about 15,000, and the Republican candidate the remainder. Thus, while in fact a defeat, the election has given the greatest satisfaction to the Association, for it has shown its actual strength with the people, and has furnished a basis for individual non-partisan action in the future, that may or may not be taken advantage of, to fight out municipal issues alone without regard to either of the old parties.

However, out of fourteen candidates on the three tickets recommended by the Association, eight were elected. In other cases, outside of the fourteen referred to, no recommendations were made.

Now we believe that in Cleveland we are blazing the way to good municipal government for the cities of the country. Certainly we are on a more practical and effective footing than any other association affiliated with the National Municipal League.

One result of our work I repeat: It is now impossible for really bad men to be elected in this city, and the methods we employ to defeat unsavory candidates are open to adoption everywhere. The Civic Federation of Chicago follows them, and other civic organizations are adopting them as tried and tested and warranted to produce the desired results. These methods are to publish the actual facts concerning unfit men who aspire to office. They must first be secured, just as legal evidence is secured. Then they are passed upon by the Executive Committee, and embodied in a bulletin which, containing full information about all candidates, is given a house-to-house circulation. The names of the Committee of Fifty and the Executive Committee guarantee the reliability of the bulletin's statements and the membership of the Association guarantees defeat, so that no one wants to vote for a loser, and all want to be able to say that they scratched the ticket so far as the pilloried candidate is concerned. Altogether, sufficient public sentiment is aroused to defeat the black sheep. Thus it has become bad politics to put up candidates whose records are shady.

The average man wears his party harness bravely. He will continue to do so until the propaganda municipal reformers are carrying on brings him to a realization of the truth, which is, that the bad citizenship of good citizens is the chief cause of municipal rottenness, and the only voter who isn't non-partisan in municipal elections is the good citizen. The saloon people are non-partisan; they don't care a tinker's dam for a candidate's politics, so long as he protects their interests. The street railway people are non-partisan; it's all one to them whether the candidate is a Democrat or a Republican, so long as he isn't opposed to franchise grabbing, or the enforcement of regulations. All the public service corporations are non-partisan. The contractors are non-partisan. The gamblers and dive-keepers drop partyism and stick to the fellow who will "do the square thing." Every corrupting influence in municipal government is non-partisan. On the contrary, the clergymen, the editors, the educators, the business men, and the tax-payers generally, are strictly party men.

And so we have a saloon vote, and a gambler's vote, a street-railway, a Dutch vote, an Irish vote, and a negro vote; but we have no good citizen's vote.

There are more than enough good elements in every community to counterbalance the evil. Our city governments are a shame and a disgrace. Within two decades the city population of the United States will be in excess of the rural. If we fail to reform our city governments before that time arrives we shall have to confess failure as a nation, for our cities will run the country, and the methods of the city council will be the methods of Congress; the methods of the Mayor those of the President. Indeed much of this is the case already. In every State where

there are great city populations it is the city bosses that run the Legislature and the State, and that select United States Senators.

The city is our home; it is our door-yard, our playground, our field of social, intellectual and material activity. We should make our cities what we try to make our homes—centres of cleanliness, refinement and morality. God made the country, and man made the town. God has given the natural man an environment of forest, glade and stream, mountain, lake and, overhead, an infinite azure hung at night with an infinitude of brilliant lamps. This environment is uplifting and fills the human soul with the highest aspirations. Man has given natural man an environment of the most degrading and debasing kind. The men who neglect their citizenship are responsible for the criminals, paupers and degraded beings produced by vicious city life.

So we have not only a political, but a moral, incentive to reform city government. The thing to do is to throw off party shackles. What has 16-to-1 or imperialism to do with the administration of our local governments? Why should we vote for municipal officers along national party lines? Let us exalt the Scratcher first and then the true non-Partisan, the voter who won't be satisfied with any party man for a local office, and who will avoid a political machine as he would a rattlesnake.

A SPIRITUALISTIC NOVEL.

BY JAMES IRVING CRABBE.

["Enoch Willoughby," a novel by James A. Wickersham; Chas. Scribner's Sons, Publishers, New York City. Price \$1.50, 365 pages.]

THERE are few persons who have not, at one time or another in their lives, given some attention to Spiritualism. Sometimes this notice has been a mere transient curiosity, the desire to peer, if but for a brief space, into the Cimmerian gulf that yawns betwixt the living and the dead. Again, the philosophic instinct, overriding the conservatism of orthodoxy, has demanded a more extended investigation into the alleged signs and miracles that make modern Spiritualism.

That the churches, that is all other churches, have strenuously and earnestly deprecated such investigation has not greatly deterred inquirers. Perhaps, indeed, it has added a stimulus like that, it may be presumed, which caused "our first parents" to taste of the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil,—it was "forbidden fruit." It is somewhat strange that Christianity has always manifested so great a disdain or hatred for this creed which an unprejudiced looker-on ("who cared for none of these things," like the Roman Gallio) might think a valuable aid to it. If Spiritualism attempts anything at all, it is to prove the continuity of life, to prove the truth of the Paulian doctrine that "there is a natural body and there is a spiritual body and to prove that the spirits about whom the Bible has so much to say are of the self-same nature as those which the spiritualists materialize or are "influenced" withal. It is true that this opposition is less violent now that it was even twenty or thirty years ago. Orthodox Christians have had other troubles and enemies to contend with—the latter the more dangerous, because they have arisen from the church itself—which may, perhaps, account for less virulent opposition to Spiritualism. On the other hand, Spiritualists are more amenable to conditions of things as they are, are not so obtrusive of their religious idiosyncrasies and not so ready to accept as inspired every yawping claimant to mediumistic power. All of which is cause for happiness to the looker-on. It is cause for rejoicing when persecutor and persecuted, orthodox and heretic can meet on a philosophic rostrum and calmly reason together.

Spiritualists of the orthodox kind as well as the unorthodox and the unbelievers, will be glad to have their attention turned to the case of "Enoch Willoughby" (a novel by James A. Wickersham) which has as its theme the evo-

lution of its hero from Quakerism to Spiritualism. While one can hardly cite a novel as affording argument for doctrinal belief, there is, in this one, something more than a mere romance. It is not a purposeful novel, perhaps, so much as a psychological study of men and women who thought they were "led by the spirit." What kind of a faith is held by the author himself, which should be of some consequence in consideration of the book, may be gathered from this passage:

"We are believers in the existence of this power of the spirit, as *Enoch Willoughby* was, but by no means do we believe, nor did *Enoch Willoughby*, that it was always good. That there is something in it, is as sure as that the sun will shine to-morrow, and when people have once felt it, they will believe in its existence forever. They may believe it with fear and avoid it, or they may believe it with love and reverence it. Its influence gives to man a second nature, and, when of the right kind, it is, we believe, the greatest power on earth to uphold the sinking spirit, to lead men out of what is low and degrading into the broad light of truth and purity. We believe it to be the basis of Christianity; perhaps of all religion. We do not know what it is, and do not pretend to know, and that is where we think *Enoch Willoughby's* mistake came in. He thought that he knew what it was, and his explanation was, perhaps, as reasonable as any, but hardly more reasonable than some others." [Pp. 338-339.]

This declaration or creed of Spiritualism is the key-note of the book in which Mr. Wickersham diagnoses the cases of the *Willoughby* family and with especial regard to *Enoch's* case. At the outset he rather prejudices the reader with the statement that "you probably would not find one of the *Willoughbys* who did not have something peculiar about him," and the genuine were to be distinguished from the false *Willoughbys* by "the characteristic of queeriness." Further proof of this family trait is afforded by instancing such cases as *David W.*, "an unbeliever and an atheist;" *Thomas*, who was "a kind of atheistical spiritualist, if such a combination is possible;" *Enoch* (senior) who was a Quaker, "was the nearest approach to a genuine man of the world." *Margaret* (his wife) "had the water-witch power," that is, could discover where water was hidden by means of a forked willow twig—and had other queer things about her. Then there was *Sarah*, "a full-blooded spiritualist," who had the water-witching power and the gift of diagnosing and curing disease. There is a particularity about these descriptions that indicates that they are sketches of real persons and that the story is founded on fact.

Into this queer family the hero was born and proved to be the queerest of them all, with a queeriness, however, which was of a pleasant, archaic style. Brought up in the strictest form of Quakerism, he was, all his life, an earnest student. He had something of the poet in him, too, "for he was sensitive and delicate, half woman in disposition" (no doubt the angelic side) "loved the moods of nature, etc." Lacking expression was all that kept him from being a poet. With his young wife, *Hannah*, *Enoch Willoughby* went West and became a prosperous farmer in a Quaker community. Suddenly came to him, from his inner consciousness, a spiritual change. It had its origin in the meeting-house. We are told "the muscles of his face would move uneasily and without control of the will; his eyes assumed a peculiar look; frequently his knees or his feet would be affected in some odd way and his voice took on a tone that was not at all natural to him. It was not the regular Quaker sing-song. It was not pleasant to look at him at these times," etc.

The author claims that he is describing verities here; "what is deepest and most important in some men's experience." His hero could not, when these "spells" were on him, control himself without at once "driving the spirit away, and this, he thought, was wrong; perhaps even the unpardonable sin." This sin, the possibility of offending the Holy Ghost, the author explains, *Enoch* believed in "as much as you and I do in the possibility of offending our neighbors."

Then came, on the top of this obsession, a call, also from within, to go forth and preach, not Spiritist, but Quaker

doctrine. He never became a preacher, though he essayed the work, and after six weeks of painful experiences he returned to his family and farm. It is intimated that "the spirit" would not permit him to preach, that when he would have poured forth his knowledge of the gospel story he would be controlled and by his nervous twitching and jerking rendered his oratory abortive, perhaps ridiculous.

After his return, *Enoch* becomes more deeply imbued with spiritual notions. Spiritualism was just starting in this country and the Fox sisters at Hydeville, N. Y., were astonishing the world with their "manifestations." *Enoch* had heard of it, looked into it, shunned it, believing that his "control" was different: it was "the Holy Spirit," that which had led the Quaker evangelist, George Fox, from town to town to preach or prophesy.

Then followed a series of trances which were violent and agonizing. In one of these "he had gone through the action of being crucified, had stood with arms and feet extended apparently in great agony, stiff and moaning."

This crucifixion scene is the clue to the idea that, thereafter, throughout his career, *Enoch Willoughby* is the "modern instance" of what Jesus would be, were He living in this age and generation. His wife and children begin to fear though they never cease to love him.

Suddenly another change comes to him. Hitherto he had avoided the name "Spiritualism," but, one night, going out to the corn-crib to feed the horses and stooping down to pick up the corn and put it in the basket something happens:—"Just then a tall and powerful man seized him, and with a club began beating him; saying all the time 'I will teach thee to deny me. I will teach thee to deny me!' He continued beating him until at last he fell down exhausted on the floor of the crib and became unconscious. This was the way he told of it then and always after that; for he told the story as long as he lived and thoroughly believed it himself.

The tendency to believe one's oft-repeated story is proverbial. In this case the vision is very unsatisfactory, there is a vagueness about the man with the club, suggesting the query, might it have been a tramp? Or, perhaps, the hero had an epileptic fit. One is told nothing of the injuries, except that *Enoch* was "pale as a sheet and utterly exhausted," when he eventually escaped from the Vision with the club.

Then the sister-in-law of *Enoch Willoughby*, a beautiful girl, is "influenced" while at a picnic, and gathering the children around her, preaches to them. The family frowning on this, she does not become a medium, which is fortunate, as she presently falls in love with a well-to-do young man, and their story—the time-honored one in which "the course of true love never did run smooth"—forms the undercurrent of romance in the book.

Another feature, new to many readers of purely American literature, is the view afforded of the manners and customs and doctrines of the Quakers. A vivid picture, for instance, is that of *Loisa Painter*, the woman preacher, and no doubt, sketched from life. Of the "controls" of *Enoch Willoughby*, the Quakeress has something to say when she visits him. "It is of thy mind, and not of the spirit, that thee says the power that is upon thee is this or that. Thee knows not whether it be departed spirits or the very spirit of God; then do not attempt to say."

Much of the story is taken up with *Enoch's* struggle between his infatuation for the new faith and his desire to remain with the Quakers, more, perhaps, for acquaintance sake than that he did not prefer "the new wine in old bottles." His estimate of religion is philosophic. He tells *Lydia*:

"That in the soul which is known as religion should, perhaps, be nameless, for as soon as it is named a sect is formed and theology has begun; yet, if men will live in the world, they cannot avoid the forming of sects any more than they can the use of names. * * * He called this something in the soul the influence of spirits, and believed it to be caused by the actual contact with the spiritual world about us, etc."

As soon as the hero decided to cast in his lot with the Spiritualists he is cast out of the meeting and otherwise

persecuted, all of which he bears with martyr-like serenity. His trials and tribulations arouse in *Hannah*, his wife, the opposite feeling. She meets scorn with scorn, defies the Friends who come to examine her husband for heresy; saves him from a whipping by White Cappers, and, while under the "influence," has a very violent way with her that, on one occasion, comes near making her a murderess.

That *Enoch Willoughby* lived down all that his opponents urged against him, that he prospered and became happy, and that he was looked up to as "the founder of a new church," or sect, is the best evidence that Mr. Wickersham believes that his hero was "in the right of it."

Whether "*Enoch Willoughby*" will make any converts to Spiritualism is very doubtful, and perhaps this was not the author's object. That he has made an interesting exhibit of the various phases of Spiritualistic theory and practice, and that he has drawn, no doubt from life, a vivid sketch of the Bible or "Christian" Spiritualist can not be denied. It is a book to set one a-thinking on these affairs of this world and the next. Mr. Wickersham is not a bigot of any "ism." He says, "the mystical mystifies but never satisfies"—an epigram which many a seeker after light will endorse.

While the incident of the mind-reading (Chap. 26) may or may not have happened it is not so inexplicable as the author intimates when he says, "if any one can explain this thing he can do more than I can" for the telepathic and psychomantic powers of human beings, that is of living beings, are acknowledged and are independent of "spirit" aid. But as has been said, these are merely phases of opinion, and those interested in the subject should read "*Enoch Willoughby*." A last word is epigrammatic. The hero, preparing to visit hostile and ignorant neighbors, who had warned him to leave the country under threat of personal violence, says:

"The evil in the world is mostly imaginary and the way to overcome it is by a close acquaintance with the truth."



YOUTH AND AGE.

(Double Ballade)

BY ERNEST MCGAFFEY.

(For the MIRROR.)

WHEN life is yet but morn and you are young
With love and mirth, with skies both blue and
bright,

When Cupid waits, while serenades are sung,
Then shall you know the source of true delight;
But slow and sure, as after dawn comes night,
Age, with his staff, is creeping on apace,
Then will your joy shrink under sudden blight
With hair grown gray, and Winter in your face.

When leafy banners to the dawns are flung
On April slopes, the which the breezes smite
In merriment the woodland ways among,
Then shall you know the source of true delight;
But mark, Alas! the season takes its flight
Before the dial's shadow you can trace,
And what shall recompense you in this plight
With hair grown gray, and Winter in your face.

Time, like a viper, at the last has stung
Each breast that warmed him, with his venom spite,
Yet so your hopes in youthful days have sprung
Then shall you know the source of true delight;
But steadily, with ever-growing might,
The years roll on and crowd you from your place,
To leave you lorn, and now deserted quite,
With hair grown gray, and Winter in your face.



ENVOY.

Prince, if in youth your soul does death invite
Then shall you know the source of true delight;
Not doomed to live and fill a loveless space
With hair grown gray, and Winter in your face.

WILLIAM MAGINN.

BY MICHAEL MONAHAN.

(For the MIRROR—Copyrighted.)

"HERE, early to bed, lies kind William Maginn," wrote Lockhart, in 1842. I wish you to keep in mind that simple obituary penned by the noble son-in-law of Walter Scott. "Kind William Maginn!" Yes, it was kind William Maginn who wrote: "Great and wise men have loved laughter. The vain, the ignorant and the uncivilized alone have dreaded or despised it. Let us imitate the wise where we may. Let our Christmas laugh echo till Valentine's day; our laugh of St. Valentine till the first of April; our April humor till May-day, and our merriment till midsummer. And so let us go on from holiday to holiday, philosophers in laughter, at least, till, at the end of our century, we die the death of old Democritus, cheerful, happy and contented, surrounded by many a friend, but without an enemy, and remembered principally because we have never, either in life or in death, given pain for a moment to anyone that lived!"

Ireland is a very small country, to be sure, as a matter of square miles, though we have been obliged to hear so much of it, but it does seem amazing that so many famous and illustrious Irishmen should have to be credited to the city and county of Cork. A fair city is Cork, with one of the most beautiful sea-ways in the world leading to her doors. Alas! many of those who have loved her and owed to her their birth have gone out more often on that shining track than they have returned. Not long since, in these pages, I wrote of one who carried a wistful memory of her during years of exile in alien lands until at last it found expression in a song which has wreathed his name with hers in an unfading laurel.

Maginn and Father Prout (Francis Mahony) were both born in this delectable City of Cork. So was Maclise, their friend, the Alfred Croquis of *Fraser's Magazine* and the worthy associate of Maginn in making the famous "Gallery of Literary Characters." Maclise is also memorable as the friend of William Makepeace Thackeray, greatest of all who sate in the brilliant circle of *Regina*. It would be easy to draw up a catalogue of eminent Corkonians. There was Barry the painter and Sheridan Knowles, the dramatist; there was Thomas Davis, heart of fire and tongue of gold, and poor Callanan, bard of Gougane Barra—and, as the saying goes, the list might be extended.

So William Maginn was born in Cork, the son of a school-master who knew more than Paddy Byrne, Goldsmith's immortal pedagogue, for he taught the classics and other useful knowledge, and conducted withal a flourishing academy. But nothing about the academy flourished at the rate that young Maginn did in scholarship. The mere catalogue of his acquirements before he was eighteen is appalling. Maginn père knew his son was a prodigy, and with true Irish pride he set himself to bring out all that was in him. You remember how *Dr. Blimber* used to "bring on" the young gentlemen placed under his tutelage. It probably wasn't a circumstance to the bringing on of young Maginn. He graduated from Trinity College, Dublin, before he was eighteen. He died under fifty, and while still a young man he had mastered the Latin, Greek, German, Hebrew, Sanscrit, Syriac, Irish or Gaelic, French, Spanish, Portuguese, Swedish, Turkish and Magyar languages. It is also certain, as we know from his works, that he learned soundly and well the English tongue, which is quite an accomplishment of itself. But there is, incredible as it may seem, no reason to doubt that his knowledge of all the languages named was exact and profound. His translations, serious and burlesque, sufficiently attest his mastery of the classic tongues. His essays on the plays and the learning of Shakespeare show his command of the splendid resources of our English speech. Edward Kenealy, who has left us a touching memoir of Maginn, and who was himself a linguist of great attainments, in a letter to

Sir Robert Peel characterized Maginn as "the most universal scholar of the age." And Lockhart wrote of him:

"Be a Bentley, if you can, but omit the brutality; rival Parr, eschewing all pomposity; outlinguist old Magliabecchi, and yet be a man of the world; emulate Swift in satire, but suffer not one squeeze of his *sæva indignatio* to eat your own heart; be and do all this and the Doctor will no longer be unique."

Unhappily for Maginn's status in literature, this enormous versatility was purchased at the cost of more enduring performance. The Doctor did too many things well to achieve a surpassing success in any single line. As he himself would have said with whimsical pedantry, the labor was too auto-schediastical. It has been said that men made good books out of his table talk—without crediting him, of course. The possessor of one talent is not seldom more fortunate than he who has ten. Maginn wrote the first of the famous *Noctes Ambrosianæ* papers, and many of the succeeding series which through long years delighted the cultivated readers of the British islands. They brought fame and fortune to *Blackwood's Magazine*, and more specifically to John Wilson, better known under the pen-name of Christopher North. When Maginn's active brain was worn out and his generous heart stilled forever, the canny Christopher forgot to mention his obligation.

Grievous as the fact is to all who wish that genius may receive its due, we may be sure that it would not have been very distressful to William Maginn. The carelessness with which he regarded the fate of his productions, may be paralleled only in the case of Shakespeare. He rarely gave the authority of his name to any of his writings, which he threw off with incredible ease and fertility. So voluminous was he that the diligence of his editors has rescued barely a tithe of them. Yet if only the pencil sketches accompanying the "Gallery of Literary Characters" were to survive, they would insure the fame of Maginn as the most brilliant and audacious wit of his generation.

Not long ago Mr. Saintsbury, the distinguished English critic, paid a significant tribute to the merits of Dr. Maginn, in tracing the early work of Thackeray. Maginn was Thackeray's first editor, and thus assisted at the unfolding of one of the most eminent literary reputations of the century. Many other notable literary men confessed the benefits of his kindly word and helping hand. Careless of his own fame and selfish interest, he was zealous in that of others. They say that Thackeray satirized him in the character of *Captain Shandon*. I don't believe it. I prefer to believe, instead, that the great English writer was thinking rather of the erratic, brilliant Maginn, whom he knew so well, than of Goldsmith, when he penned these words:

"Think of him, reckless, thriftless, vain if you like, but merciful, gentle, generous, full of love and pity. He passes out of our life and goes to render his account beyond it. . . . Think of the noble spirits that admired and deplored him. . . . his humor delighting us still. . . . his very weaknesses beloved and familiar."

There is a story that Thackeray, in his early period, long before he had himself caught the ear of the town, loaned a goodish sum of money to Maginn, which, of course, was never repaid, and that the circumstance aided materially in the dispersion of the young man's fortune. Many years afterward, when poor Maginn had passed away, Father Prout gave the true history of the affair to Blanchard Jerrold. Thackeray, he said, was eager to found a magazine, which should hold its own with the best. He wanted an editor and Prout told him William Maginn was his man. A meeting was brought about at the Crown Head tavern in Drury Lane—Maginn was always the better for business after a lubrication. He stipulated for five hundred pounds, to be expended in preliminary operations—"clearing the decks," was the Doctor's idiom. The money was advanced, the new literary venture sent forth, handseled with all the resource and skill and brilliancy of Maginn. It lived just six months and bequeathed an invaluable experience to the future author of "Pendennis."

After all, pecuniary debts lie easier, it may be, than literary obligations among the tribe of Scriblerus. I suspect that *Barry Lyndon* had given a slight I. O. U. to *Ensign Morgan O'Doherty*.

Maginn in his most surprising feats of genius and scholarship, must always remain "caviare to the general." It is not difficult to see that he could not have produced three incomparable burlesques in the classic languages by simply swallowing lexicons through a long course of years. You may have little Latin, but, with a small share of trouble, you can't miss the heroic effect of Maginn's rendering of the famous old English ballad of Chevy Chase into the tongue of Virgil. Who, that has ever read it will forget the opening lines?

Persæus ex Northumbria
Vovebat, Diis iratis,
Venare inter dies tres,
In montibus Cheviatis;
Contentis fortè Douglasso
Et omnibus cognatis.

Or this infinitely comic parody of what Matthew Arnold was so fond of calling the grand style?

O dies! dies! dies trux!
Sic finit cantus primus:
Si de venatu plura vis,
Plura narrare scimus.

Men drank hard when William Maginn came up to London. They had drunk harder in the generation before. You will find all this guzzling, with its accompanying profligacy, brilliantly glanced at in Thackeray's lecture on the fourth George. Princes of the blood were not seldom as drunk as Wapping sailors. Nay, they even engaged in boozing matches. Of course, the nobility followed suit. The members of the honorable profession of the bar loved wine, we are told, as well as the woollack. Ladies of quality tipped, and often had great need of their sedan chairs. *O tempora! O mores!* I wonder if all this be really changed and Belgravia become as a tinkling cymbal? Society, in that golden Georgian period, seemed set to the refrain of one of its favorite poets:

My muse, too, when her wings are dry,
No frolic flights will take;
But round a bowl she'll dip and fly,
Like swallows round a lake.

If then the nymph must have her share,
Before she'll bless her swain,
Why that's, I think, a reason fair
To fill my glass again.

But, indeed, reasons for drinking were then a-plenty, and Tom Moore himself need not have epitomized them, as he did so wittily in the verselet

Good wine—a friend—or, being dry;
Or lest we should be, by and by;
Or any other reason why.

Poor Maginn drank far more than was good for him, on account of his delicate constitution, and the fact that he was, like Horace, a Mercurial man. Other men of his time and company drank as much, or more, and yet contrived to live on into a mellowed old age. The Homeric potatoes of Kit North and his friends, are not so much matters of literature as matters of fact. Maginn wrote a table of drinking maxims which had a famous vogue in the clubs. Wine and wit are there, contrary to the adage, in equal proportions. He has done the trick for us in verse, too, and, remembering that many good men have had their moments of frailty since Father Noah discovered the vine, we shall thank him for his jolly song of "The Wine-bibber's Glory."

The gentle art of literary "roasting" seems to have declined in virulence since the days of Maginn. He was easily the first practitioner of his time, and his slashing reviews were long the feature of *Fraser's Magazine*, and other periodicals. His editors have rescued a sufficient number of them to give us a formidable idea of the Doctor's prowess. The papers in which he pretended to expose the plagiarisms of Tom Moore are among the most learned and

ingenious. Maginn was a Tory of the Tories, and it was not to be expected that he would bate of his edge for the warbler of Lansdowne House. Moore was greatly annoyed by the Doctor's roguish animadversions, but he did not proceed to the extreme of challenging him to mortal combat, as in the memorable passage with Jeffrey. I suspect that Tommy feared the Doctor's terrible wit even more than his powder and ball.

As I have said, literary manners have somewhat improved since Maginn plied his merciless pen in *Fraser's* or *Bentley's*. His affair with Mr. Grantley Berkley sets a mark upon the time. It came near having as many elements of tragedy as sometimes attend the taking off of a Western or Southern editor in this glad, free land. Mr. Grantley Berkley, the younger son of a noble house in whose escutcheon there was a very recent and ugly bar sinister, wrote and caused to be published a novel of indifferent merit. The chief offense of the author, to Maginn's mind, consisted in his expatiating upon the ancestral glories of the house of Berkley, in face of certain notorious facts. Maginn's review of the book surpassed even his usual savagery when a literary or political offender was to be flayed and pilloried. One cannot read it even at this distance of time without a shudder. Father Prout glanced over the copy and remarked to James Fraser, the publisher of the magazine, "Jemmy, this means trouble." And it did. A modern novelist would have accepted the "roast" as a splendid advertisement. Or he might have defended himself anonymously and with a heroic show of virtue. Mr. Berkley's noble blood would brook no satisfaction short of assault and battery. Accordingly, backed by his brother, and a hired bruiser, he went to the publishing offices in quest of the writer of the article. Finding Fraser, a weakly man, alone, they set upon him and so grievously injured him that he lived but a short time afterward. He lived too long, however, to admit of a charge of murder or manslaughter. The affair and its subsequent airing in the courts was the sensation of London. Before the trial was ended Dr. Maginn had a hostile meeting with the aggrieved author. Three shots were exchanged without effect. Fraser's assailants were fined in a small amount, and Maginn wrote a vigorous account of the whole affair, which, to a present-day reader, excels in curious interest the bulk of his works. It will always occupy a page in that pleasing history, so dear to Addison, of "Man and the Town."

Maginn had his bit of a romance and a sad one enough it was. Some who have written upon him say it had much to do in confirming the habits of dissipation which helped him down the descent of Avernus. I have my doubts as to that, but at least the theory does no great violence to the Doctor's head and heart. His own idea, as we know, was that a man who would not go to the devil for a woman was not good for much. The lady in the case was Letitia Elizabeth Landon, an English poetess of the thirties, whose verses were once held in critical esteem and whose initials "L. E. L." were potent to thrill our charming grandmothers in that far-off sentimental time. Miss Landon wrote and published more poetry than the sweet singer of Michigan, but she did not live long enough after marriage to take the world into her confidence. Thus her passion has a vestal note which is lacking in the later and more competent lucubrations of the American Sappho. But her marriage was a dreadful business to Maginn, who admired her prodigiously and, indeed, gave her a chance of immortality which the lady's own works do not warrant, by inserting a laudatory notice of her in the famous "Gallery of Literary Characters."

Maginn was then able to make or unmake a literary reputation. The lady, who really rhymed well, was flattered by the great editor's praise. He called her the Tenth Muse and proved it with a show of poetic imagination which, could the lady have claimed so much, would have gone far to confirm her in the title. However Maginn might admire and belaud her and set her up in the estimation of the literary world, he couldn't marry her, for the excellent reason that there was already a Mrs. Maginn.

So the Tenth Muse, wearying at last of platonic, went in bravely like every true daughter of Eve to have her illusions shattered. She married a Scotch captain with a furious temper, who took the poor Muse away with him to Cape Coast Castle in Africa, where he commanded. There she lived only a few months and the circumstances of her death were so strange that it was long believed she made away with herself to escape the violence of her husband.

And William Maginn who had been going down for some time, but in an undecided way, so that his friends indulged the hope that he might think better of it and retrace his steps,—William Maginn, after the death of this woman, went on down hill like a man who knew his road and would follow it to the end.

We may not dwell on the close of Maginn's life, which was as gloomy as its meridian had been brilliant. As Moore says of a more famous Irishman, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, whom Maginn strongly resembled in his last evil fortune, he passed too often the Rubicon of the cup. Dinned by bailiffs, dragged to the Fleet prison for debt, reduced to the meanest shifts to support existence, in reading the last sad chapter one is reminded of the tragedy of *Savage* and that race of ill-fated men of genius in whose misfortunes Johnson shared, and of whom Macaulay describes him as the last survivor. This melancholy distinction belongs rather to William Maginn. Neglected by the party which he had served so ably and long with his pen, shattered in health by privation and disease, he sank lower and lower. After much troubling comes the great peace. It came to William Maginn in the 48th year of his age, in the year 1842, at the town of Walton-on-Thames, to which he had retired from the great Babel he loved so well. Sad and untimely as was that death and sordid as was the setting of the last scene of all, we may not look upon it without a solemn interest and pity. Nay, a beam of glory lighted up the last hours of the broken man of genius. The master passion strong even in death, the courage of immortal mind, strikes us mute in the presence of this tragedy. Lying with his beloved Homer open upon his breast and unconscious of the nearness of the end, he dictated to his faithful friend Kenealy a translation from the classic page. Thus, in a manner thrilling with high emotion, the Silence came to him: and so, with a reverent thought, we may leave "kind William Maginn."

THE MOTHER-HEART.

(Translated from the French of Alexander Dumas, père, for the MIRROR, by A. Lenalie.)

A MOTHER was seated near her infant's cradle. That she was prey to the keenest anguish might be seen by a single glance at her countenance.

The child was pale, with closed eyes and difficult respiration, each breath prolonged and deep as a sigh.

The mother trembling, watched the poor little being in sadness, mute with despair.

Some one knocked thrice at the door.

"Enter," said the mother.

Then, as the door had opened and closed, yet no sound of footsteps followed, she turned.

She saw approaching a poor, old woman, her body half enveloped in a horse-blanket.

It was a sorry covering for those who had none other. The winter was severe; outside the window-panes, whitened and crusted with hoar-frost, the temperature registered below freezing-point, and the wind cut the visage sharply.

The old woman was bare-footed; undoubtedly this explained why her footsteps gave no sound on the floor.

As she shivered with cold, and because that, since she was there, the child seemed to sleep more profoundly, the mother rose to revive the embers.

Then the aged one took her place, rocking the child and singing to it a mournful song in an unknown tongue.

"Will it not be spared to me?" said the mother, addressing her sombre guest.

The latter signaled with her head that which said neither yes nor no,—a strange smile on her lips.

The mother's glance was anguished, and great tears rained over her cheeks, the head bent low on her breast. Since three days and nights she had neither slept nor eaten!

Her head became so heavy that for an instant she dozed unheeding, then suddenly started to her feet, awaking, chilled to the heart.

The old woman was no longer there.

"Where then is my visitor?" she cried hastening to the cradle. It was empty. The withered crone had borne away the child. At this moment the old clock, which hung against the wall in a corner, whirled sharply, the weights fell to the ground and the hands stopped.

The mother rushed from the house crying: "My child! who has seen my child?"

A woman of great stature, clad in a long, black robe, stood in front of the house and exclaimed: "Imprudent woman! You permitted Death to enter your house and cradle your child, instead of driving her hence. You slept while she was there; she but awaited that you should close your eyes; then she took your child. I saw her flee rapidly, bearing it with her in her arms. She sped like the wind, and whom Death takes away, poor mother, she never returns."

"Oh! do but tell me the way she took," cried the mother, "and I will find her again."

"Surely, nothing is easier for me," said the black-gowned woman; "but, before I do this, you must sing me all the songs with which you lulled your child. I am Night and I saw your tears fall while you crooned these cradle-songs."

"O, I will sing them all to you, from beginning to end," said the mother,—"yet another day, later on; but let me pass now that I may overtake Death and find my child."

But Night remained inflexible; so the poor mother, folding her arms, repeated all those lullabies with which she had rocked her infant to sleep. They were many, but her tears exceeded them in number.

And when she had finished the last, and her voice was stilled with choking sobs, Night said: "Go straight to the dark cypress woods, there saw I enter Death, with your child."

The mother hastened in that direction; but, in the midst of the woods, the path branched. She hesitated, not knowing whether to proceed to the right or the left.

At the angle of these two ways, there was a thorn-bush, with neither leaves nor flowers, since it was winter; it was covered with rime, and icicles depended from each of its branches.

"Have you not seen Death pass this way with my child?" the mother asked of the bush.

"Yes," replied the prickly one; "but I will not tell you whither she went, unless you warm me at your breast; for, as you see, I am frozen through."

The mother, without hesitating, knelt and pressed the thorns to her breast, till the bush was thawed; the spines entered her flesh and the blood fell in great drops.

But, in equal measure, as the mother's breast was torn and the blood flowed, there sprang from the thorn-bush beautiful green leaves and scarlet flowers—such is the warmth of a mother's heart!

And the bush then indicated to her the path she should follow.

Hastening forward, as directed, she came to the bank of a large lake, on which was seen neither vessel nor boat; it was too frozen to attempt swimming across, yet not sufficiently so to admit of crossing by foot.

Nevertheless, impossible as appeared the passage, at first sight, some means must be found whereby the afflicted mother might cross.

She fell to her knees, hoping God would perform some miracle in her favor.

"Hope not for the impossible," said the genie of the

lake, thrusting a white head above the surface. "Rather let us see if we cannot arrive at some conclusion between ourselves. I like to collect pearls, and your eyes are the most brilliant I have seen; will you weep into my waters until your eyes fall from their sockets? For then your tears will become pearls and your eyes diamonds, as they fall. After which I will bear you to my opposite shore, to the great warm conservatory where Death dwells and cultivates the trees and flowers, each of which represents a human life."

"Oh! do you ask no more than that?" said the poor, desolate one. "I will give you all, all, only to reach my child."

Then she wept and wept, so much that her eyes, having no more tears, followed the tears which had become pearls, and, falling into the lake, were transformed into glittering diamonds.

And the genie of the lake, raising its arms above the water, seized her and, in an instant, had borne her to the other side of the waters. There it placed her on the bank, where the palace of living flowers was situated.

This was an immense glass palace, many leagues in length, safely warmed in Winter by invisible fires, and in the summer by the sun's rays.

The poor mother, no longer possessing any eyes, was unable to see it, but she felt her way to the entrance; on the threshold she encountered the door-keeper of the palace.

"What seek you here?" she demanded.

"Oh! a woman!" cried the mother; "Then she will have pity upon me;" and turning to her, she replied: "I seek Death, who has taken away my child."

"How did you arrive here, and who aided you in so doing?" demanded the aged guardian.

"The good God," replied the mother. "He pitied me. You, too, will be merciful and tell me where I shall find my little one."

"I do not know of him, and you may not see him again. Many flowers and trees have died this past night. Death is but now coming here to replant them; for, know you not that each human being has its tree, or flower, of life, according to its type of organization? They have the same appearance as other growths, but they possess a heart that beats always; for when men no longer exist on earth they live in heaven. And, as children's hearts beat like those of mature growth, perhaps you will recognize the heart-beats of your child at touch."

"Oh! yes, yes," said the mother, "I shall surely know them."

"What was your child's age?"

"One year; for six months it had smiled and, for the first time, it had babbled 'mamma' last night."

"I will lead you to the hill wherein are the children of one year, then; but what will you give me in return?"

"What have I left to give? You see there is nought; but if I may travel to the ends of the earth for you, barefooted, I will gladly do so!"

"I wish for nothing at the end of the world," replied the aged dame, curtly; "but, if you will give me your beautiful long black locks in exchange for mine of gray, I will do for you that which you wish."

"Is it only that you desire?" said the poor creature. "Oh! do but take them!"

And she gave to her the long, soft hair, receiving in exchange the spare, gray locks of the other.

They entered the great warm conservatory of Death, where flowers, plants, trees and shrubs were ranged and marked according to their ages.

There were hyacinths under glass and aquatic plants floating of the water, some fresh and thriving, others sickly and half-withered; and around these twined water-snakes, while black crows crushed their buds. Here, too, were magnificent palms, great oaks and immense sycamores and plane-trees; also heather and wild-thyme in full bloom. Each tree, flower, and blade of grass was named and represented a human life, some from Europe or Africa, others from China or Greenland. There were great trees in little, cramped boxes that were nearly bursting, so much

too narrow had they become. There were, also, tiny little plants in immense vases, ten times too large for them. These latter represented the rich, while those too narrow were the poor in life.

At length they arrived at the children's hall.

"He is here," said her guide.

So the poor mother listened, in turn, to the beating of each little heart. So often she had placed her hand over the breast of the little being Death had snatched from her, she would recognize the beating of its heart among a million others.

"Here it is! here it is!" she cried, at length, stretching out her arms to a little cactus that drooped forlornly on its side.

"Touch not the flower of your child" said the old woman, "but remain close to it. I await Death momentarily, and, when she comes, do not allow her to uproot the plant, but threaten her, if she persists, that you will do likewise to two other plants: she will fear you then, for, in order that a flower or tree may be uprooted she must have the permission of God, and must give accounting to Him for all human plants.

"Ah!" shivered the mother, "why am I so cold?"

"It is Death that approaches; remain here and remember what I have told you," said the aged one, departing.

As Death drew nearer, the mother felt the cold redouble. She saw her not, but felt her presence.

"How did you find your way here?" demanded Death; "and, more especially, how come it that you arrived before me?"

"I am a mother!" she replied.

And as Death extended her withered arm towards the cactus the mother covered it so well and so carefully with her hands that not one of its leaves was disturbed.

Then Death breathed upon the mother's hands and she felt that it was chill as from a mouth of marble.

Her muscles relaxed and her hand fell motionless and stiffened away from the plant.

"Insensate one! You know not how to resist me!" said Death.

"No, but the Heavenly Father will," replied the mother.

"I do but His will," responded Death. "I am His gardener; I take the trees and flowers He has planted on earth and replant them in the great garden of Paradise."

"Return my child," said the mother, weeping and imploring, "or uproot my life at the same time."

"Impossible,—you have yet more than thirty years to live."

"Well, then, there is but us two to decide.—Death, if you touch my child-plant, I will uproot these other flowers."

"Touch them not," cried Death. "You say you are unhappy, yet you wish to render another mother still more unhappy; for these two fuchsias are twins."

"Alas!" sighed the poor woman, relaxing her hold on the twin-flowers.

"Here," said Death, giving the mother two beautiful diamonds, "these are your eyes. I caught them as they fell in the lake; take them back; they are more brilliant and beautiful than they ever were. I return them to you. Gaze into this deep brook with them, and I will tell you the names of the flowers you wished to destroy. You will see reflected therein, also, all their future, the whole existence of these two children. Then will you learn whom you wished to harm; those whom you wished to render again unto nothingness."

And, regaining her eyes, the mother gazed within the brook. To observe the future of happiness and well-doing reserved for these two beings whom she had so narrowly escaped from destroying, was a wonderful sight.

Their lives unfolded in an atmosphere of joy, and were followed by a chorus of benedictions.

"Ah!" murmured the mother, veiling her eyes with her hands, "I have, indeed, been in danger of committing a great sin."

"Look again," said Death.

The fuchsias had disappeared and, in their place

appeared a tiny cactus, assuming the form of a child; and the child grew to manhood, filled with fierce passions. Tears, violent deeds and sorrow followed in his wake.

His life ended in suicide.

"Ah!" demanded the mother in terror, "who was that in earth-life?"

"That was your child," said Death.

Groaning, the poor woman fell prone to the earth.

Then, after some moments, raising her arms to Heaven, she cried: "O Heavenly Father! since you have taken him unto yourself guard him. Whatever Thou hast done is well done!"

Death then stretched forth her hands towards the little cactus.

But the mother seized her arm with one hand, while with the other she proffered again her eyes, crying: "Wait an instant, that I may not see him die."

So the poor mother lived on for thirty years, in blindness, but resigned.

And God placed the child in the ranks of the angels;—but the mother He throned among the martyrs.

A LIFE TRAGEDY.

BY ELBERT HUBBARD.

(For the Mirror.)

VERY early in life, Henry Ward Beecher was married to a bright, vivacious and capable woman. He was young and she was young, and the warm impulses of youth caused him to feel very sure that they were true mates.

The woman had the instincts of New England: she was thrifty, industrious and ambitious. Her ambition extended to their owning a home of their own, having a scrub-woman one day in the week, and at least fifty dollars in the ginger-jar. She had a good digestion, a religion which she had inherited and never added to, and her education had extended to the three Rs, which is all she believed any woman required.

She loved her husband, took a pride in her linen, and the desire of her heart was to be a model housekeeper.

All this is very excellent, very beautiful, and he who would smile at it is a rogue and a cynic.

If Henry Ward Beecher had become principal of a village school, or a prosperous grocer, or the foreman of a factory, all would have been well.

But alas! he stuck to his profession of preaching. He began to preach better. Great bursts of emotion came when he spoke, and more than once we know that, when he began to speak, instead of preaching the sermon he had prepared, he preached another. The onward and upward rush of his spirit at such times swept all before him; he was as one inspired—he was inspired.

By such splendid bursts of sublime feeling people would often be strangely moved—many would be in tears and, after the service, they would crowd around the speaker, greeting him with hearts full to overflowing of admiration and adulation.

At such times, Mrs. Beecher would wait at the door for her liege, impatient, and say, "What fools!"

She was not moved by his eloquence; she admired it, of course, but her pulse beat no faster, and no wild throb of joy came to her heart.

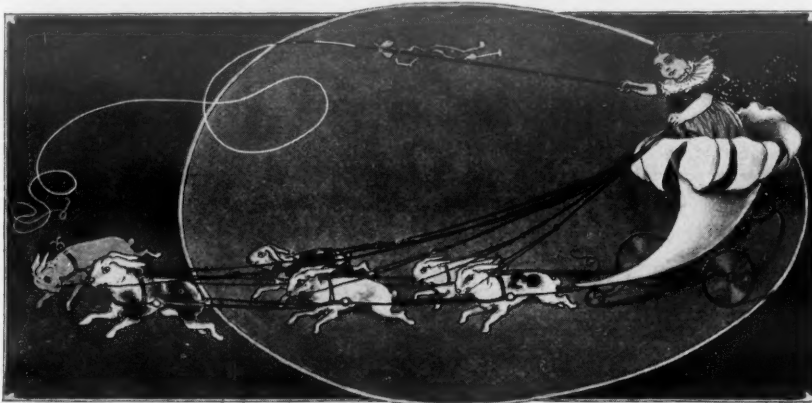
She knew the man too well to be moved by his words—she saw him all the week, sat opposite him three times a day at meals, slept at his side each night. She knew him. He was good and amiable and intelligent, but that was no reason why silly people, especially women, should waylay him after church, cling to his hand and gaze into his eyes:—*huh!* So she told him so and suggested, jocosely, that they would not do so if he didn't encourage them.

He laughed.

It was a forced laugh—hollow, absent-minded, weary.

Henry Ward Beecher continued to grow; power came to him; his vocabulary widened with his thought; people flocked to hear him.

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And then came a call to a larger church. The promotion was accepted, and this meant a wider circle of friends, and an increased number of admirers.

Mrs. Beecher did not like this; it took her husband away, so that he seldom found time to read aloud to her, evenings, as he did once. And the fools who waylaid him were more absurd than ever. The woman loved her husband; his society was her due; anything that caused him to be separated from her was not right.

He had vowed to love and cherish her, and her alone. They were legally wedded, and over their bed hung their marriage certificate which she had had framed at her own expense, paid for out of her own pin money, and hung there by her own hands. She had driven the nail into the wall herself, standing on a chair that stood on the bed.

She grew jealous of this admiration lavished on her husband; and for his good she, one day, after church, pushed through the throng of admirers, took him by the arm and led him away.

That week she followed him to a choir rehearsal and sat bolt upright, not saying a word the entire evening. She felt that she was being wronged. Is a woman not entitled to her husband's love? And are husband and wife not one? Well, then, why do they not hang around me?

She forbade the soprano coming to the house.

Next she wrote anonymous letters to various women; and when men, who were close personal friends of her husband, came to see him she would tell them untruths to the effect that he was away. Then, afterwards, she would glory in the fact that, by keeping them away, she had saved her husband's society for herself.

She loved the man, and, to prove it, would lavish terms of endearment upon him in public and endeavor to draw from him like tenderesses so to impress the bystanders.

Knowing the unrest and hate that was in his wife's heart toward all who admired him, men and women alike, Mr. Beecher grew to fear the woman, and dreaded to take her with him to public gatherings, or even on private visits, for fear she would affront some one.

Finally she began to spy upon his mail, to watch the letters that came, and that were sent out. She believed

she was being wronged; she grew morose and fault-finding; and confided her troubles to the servants or any one who would listen.

And yet, all this time, Henry Ward Beecher was the kindest, most patient and gentlest of men. He did all he could to assuage her jealousy; he reasoned with her; he pleaded with her, but all in vain.

She thought she owned the man, body and soul. All of her education had been directed to this point—ownership. She could not grasp the fact that spiritual love has no limit, and that this great and splendid man had a heart that could embrace a world. She did not know that love given out is doubled.

Mr. Beecher had grown through the exercise of his powers until he was the intellectual peer of any man in America—a man with searching mind, a subtle wit and a spiritual insight, such as comes to but one in a million. The woman could not grasp all this—she considered him the same individual she had married years before. He was and he was not.

Had Mrs. Beecher been gentle and yielding, and joined her love with the love of the multitude, she would have held the man by a thread of silk that Thor could not have broken. Instead of this she clung to her "rights," ceased to grow, brooded over her wrongs, upbraided her husband, ceased to appreciate him, failed to understand him, insulted his friends, spied on all of his actions, and, at the last, employed paid detectives, joined with his enemies, and supplied them the proof for his undoing.

She caused the unfaithfulness of which she complained. That for which we clutch, we lose. Hate filled her heart, and having humiliated her husband before the world she refused to be separated from him because she wished to pose before the world as a martyr. She did the thing that brought her the most gratification, just as we all do.

There is something in all ownership—the desire to seize upon a thing and hold it for our exclusive personal benefit—that taints the soul. The higher and better and more splendid the thing we desire to own, the greater the penalty for its exclusive appropriation. "You take out of the man what you put in his chest," said Emerson.

And even legal marriage does not give a divine right to the ownership of the person. Nature will not have it so; and the sin of selfishness must be atoned for, here as elsewhere. Mrs. Beecher suffered intensely, for sin, even though the doer be ignorant and innocent of intent, cannot go unpunished. The germ of punishment is in the act. Mrs. Beecher was the most miserable of women, and so deserves our pity.

Every form of jealousy is hideous to all good people, excepting sex-jealousy, and this we have been taught is proper and right. Sex-selfishness is a purely brute instinct, fostered by society. Jealousy and covetousness are one—they both desire to monopolize and to exclude. Sex-jealousy is the most intense form of selfishness that can be imagined. It has sprung up, flourished and grown strong in all Christian countries, because the church has justified the selfishness of love, and taught men and women that they own each other's bodies and souls. Murder, suicide and death stalk in the train of jealousy. The stage for hundreds of years has pictured sex-selfishness and all its hellish results, and yet has justified it all, because the people must be pleased. The stage merely reflects public opinion,—no more.

Freedom and faith, with Henry Ward Beecher, would have secured unfailing constancy; jealousy with its train of hypocrisy, untruth and attempted forcible enslavement bred a weariness in that valiant heart, until the man turned for sympathy to a woman who had no right to give it.

Beecher was the culminating flower of a great family. He had ancestors, but left no successors. I knew the man and I know, personally, whereof I speak, in all that I have here written. What I have told may not be pleasant, but it is truth and may serve as warning and example for those who have ears to hear and eyes to see.

Henry Ward Beecher's life was cut short; his influence curtailed; his proud heart broken by the body of death that was chained to him in the form of a jealous woman. Not a bad woman—no, no, just a woman whom society had trained to believe she owned a man. She exercised her privilege and hounded him to his death. And thereby she worked her own ruin, for to harm another is to harm ourselves.

THE INSIDE OF SOCIETY.

My Dear Nancy:

At last, after all the winter months with their crush of distracting gaieties and the unceasing demands which Society (note my reverential capital, dearest) have made upon me in this past season—really much more exacting than my winter a year ago as a debutante;—at last, dear one, I sit me down to write a long, and genuinely gossip letter to you. Your plaintive appeal, received only the other day, to tell you what everybody has been doing; and to give you proper cues when you visit in St. Louis after Easter, has really touched my heart, and shall not go for naught. I am prepared to tell you everything about everybody. Procure thy smelling salts, and lend me thine eye!

As a matter of sombre fact, Nancy darling, the season has been most mightily stupid; and I am more than glad that you determined to remain in the East. You would certainly have perished of ennui here. The only ones who really went any sort of pace were the college set, at Christmas; when balls and teas fought for precedence daily. But our crowds—yours and mine—were relegated to the rear pews, and except for an occasional dance or two, were absolutely out of it, unless we chose to make of ourselves children again, just for a night or two. The Mary girls and the football champions home from college, literally swamped the town for two weeks. I was desperately amused at their assumption of dignity and their desire to monopolize things. Little Clara Carter, who is still wearing ankle-length frocks and her hair in loops at the back of her neck, told me one day, with the most ridiculously blasé air, that she had five engagements for teas and things that afternoon; and she positively didn't see how she would be able to do them all! Fancy that infant!

However I realize that it is people that you want to hear about, and not things. Let me begin with some of your old friends: Mrs. Hallie Cole-Hebert, for whom you set up such a desperate fondness a year ago, has done much this winter in quiet ways to give her girl friends a good time. She is quite devoted to Alby Watson, who, you will be glad to learn, has entirely recovered from her lameness and dances as lively as anybody. Alby is one of the really few girls in town that everybody says nice things about, don't you know, and who really seems to deserve them, too.

Grace Gale is receiving frequent visits from a Kentucky youth whose name I have forgotten and who has, we all think, matrimonial designs on the statuesque Grace. She denies an existing engagement, but then, everybody always does that. Grace looked simply stunning at the Scudder-Hallett wedding; all the bridesmaids wore princess frocks of pink mousseline with Irish point overdresses; a skin-tight fit, my dear; and absolutely no petticoats permitted; tights. Grace's figure is superb; but poor little Lucy Scudder and the New York bridesmaid, to say nothing of Jessamine Barstow, had to be "built to order," as that slangy brother of mine says.

Alice made a lovely bride. The gifts were very handsome. Six dozen bouillon spoons, my dear, and all marked! There must be places in New York where one can exchange even marked stuff, don't you think?

I met your old friend Isabel Brownlee swinging along Olive street yesterday. She

is the most enthusiastic pedestrian in town, I verily believe, but I do wish she'd pay a little more attention to her street skirts. This one of yesterday was a sight. It sagged in the back and "kited" up in the front; to say nothing of various intermediate lengths on the sides. But then the girls of our set never did worry themselves much on the clothes question. It has always been a case of "Pa's rich and Ma don't care." Mr. F. D. Hirschberg and I were talking, only the other day, about St. Louis women being so badly and usually so inappropriately dressed, and he declared that this might be true of their street gowns, but was not borne out by the facts when they rigged up for balls. He probably had the Imperials in mind; but after their last ball I shall dispute him forever. Carrie Howard and Sallie Walsh were beautifully gowned; but most of the other girls were frights. Sallie wore a new pink silk built to show the lines of her figure, which you remember is exactly what it should be, and trimmed most gracefully with lace. Carrie was in pale green mousseline veiled in exquisite white lace—the real thing—and I never saw her look so well.

Charles Pope O'Fallon says Carrie Howard is the only girl in town that he'll go riding with. I wonder if that means he has been turned down by all others. But Carrie does sit her horse well, there's no doubt about it.

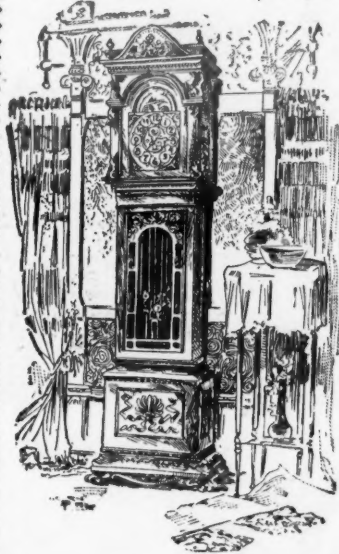
The Imperials have both been anything but smart or successful balls this winter. The night of the first one, in December, we all went to the Simmons ball first, which was very jolly, with lots of men, and we all stayed. Then the Noonday Club was a poor place for a ball,—so far down town.

The second Imperial was recherché, if you like, but slim. I don't remember ever seeing Mahler's floor so scantily filled. We positively rattled around like peas in a dried pod, my dear, and George Doan voiced the sentiments of everybody when he said: "Married women's ball; and mighty slow!"

Sidney Boyd wore a new blue frock which was not especially pretty. I noticed her penchant for corners was more pronounced than ever that night. Sidney and Barbara Blackman are the only two debutantes this year that have made any showing. Of course, Mrs. Francis' chaperonage has had everything to do with this, as she has taken the two girls about and has given one thing after another for them.

But they appear to me to be the only buds that have any sort of savoir faire. Now there's Daisy Aull—I really had hopes for her. She's pretty and, her friends declare, bright and vivacious. But no ease of manner, no poise. Crude, my dear; very crude.

You were asking in your last letter about the big Englishman, Reginald Reynolds-Morton or Morton-Reynolds, I can never remember which way it goes. Well, my dear, he seems to have been drifting aimlessly about from set to set; until now no one, absolutely, hears of him at all. He used to be Sam Pierce's great pal and Sam introduced him around to all his friends—men and women—who were disposed to be right nice to the Englishman. But, somehow, he treated people rather cavalierly, in that unpleasant way some Englishmen affect, or have naturally; and gradually the Pierce element dropped him. Then he got into Carrie Cook's crowd, who made a great lion of him and Welshrabbited him and cotillioned him until they, too, became tired of his manners or rather, the lack of them. I saw him at the skating rink, one night not



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long ago, with a party of rich Hebrews and devoting himself at a great rate to one awfully stylish girl who has recently come here from New York and who dresses in clinging "Zaza" gowns that are simply dreams. But the Columbian Club crowd will soon get enough of him. Exeunt "Reggie!"

Mrs. Van Blarcom gave her Saturday night hops all season, but they were not nearly such smart affairs as in former winters. I only went once, and, my dear, such a queer lot of men as were there! They were apparently gathered in from the highways and byways. We left early. Jack Geraghty took me that night. He has been the most popular man of the winter, by all odds. Every girl raves about him; and best of all it doesn't spoil him a bit. Nice-looking men who are also nice-mannered are so rare in St. Louis that Jack ought really to be put away carefully in cotton-wool until the next dancing season comes round.

Eugene Cuendet was dreadfully hard hit over Mabel Filley's engagement. At the time it was announced he disappeared from the haunts of men—and women; and I don't know a more touching sight than his empty box at the second Apollo concert. The first concert Mabel occupied the seat of honor, and he gave a lovely spread afterwards. But the wound is beginning to heal. "Men have died, and worms have eaten them; but not for love," which has been said once or twice before. Sidney Boyd is coming in for a good share of his attention lately, I notice.

Mary McKittrick is expected to come home from Mexico engaged to John Davis. If she disappoints her friends in this respect they are likely to feel hurt. Mrs. McKittrick will also have a word or two to say on the subject, should Mary fail to do what is expedient.

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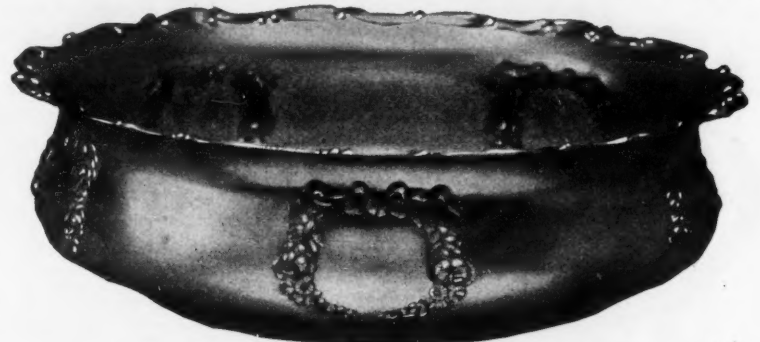
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Davis, I am led to believe. Marie looks interesting whenever you mention Sam real sudden-like in her hearing; and I know he dines there regularly two or three times a week.

Sombody told me the other day that Mrs. Scanlan, Marie's mother was the richest woman in St. Louis. Mrs. Maffitt was, until her death; but now Mrs. Scanlan. I believe Mrs. John Davis would give her close running.

The Langtry concert never came off. No; Mrs. Langtry when she heard that the society women had given it a "black eye," as Bert says, called the thing off. You see they—the matrons—all went to Florence Hayward, and she told them now was the time to stand for decency and social purity; and to give the Langtry a turn-down. They did it, to a woman. Mrs. Van Blarcom and all the rest. And great is the credit due them!

Florence Hayward has been made much of this winter. She is a tremendously well-gotten-up woman; and has worn some stunning gowns during the season. I saw her do a funny thing, the day of the Irving-Terry reception. The rooms were thinning; and only a few women left in the library. Florence was just trailing out, when suddenly appearing to remember something, she rushed to an escritoire in one corner, snatched some stationery, and began to scribble. "Writing her impressions of Irving to cable to the London journals, I suppose," said Bessie Clark, who is awfully clever, my dear. I'm positively afraid of her—Bessie, I mean.

Every time I see SaLees Kennard I am impressed with the fact that she is one of the best dressed young women in town. She seems to know just what to wear and when to wear it. SaLees has been telling a funny story on herself ever since this same Irving-Terry reception at the University Club, several weeks ago. Laurence Irving was one of the lions of the afternoon—he is Sir Henry's son, you know—only he didn't roar the least bit. He only stood around looking bored to the last degree. Of course all the women, the young ones especially—fairly groveled at his feet and outdid themselves trying to be agreeable. SaLees was telling him a yarn in her best style, and fairly surpassing herself, when suddenly the Englishman's features took on a rapt expression. Placing one hand on his chest, with an absurdly tragic air, he exclaimed as his

nostrils dilated, "'Ha! Me thinks I scent the odors of refreshment! They must be serving food below! Let us away!" And he forthwith rushed off, leaving SaLees with her sentence half finished and her lower jaw actually dropping in astonishment at his English rudeness. Yes, this story is true, for I give you my word of honor, Dearest Nan, that I stood right next to SaLees and witnessed the whole episode.

Maud Nolan is rushing about this winter with the whole responsibility of Hosmer Hall on her capable shoulders, as usual. Commend me to that girl for a chaperone! She's almost equal to Mrs. Betty Keyser as a match-maker, too; and manages everything in the nicest way. She went abroad taking Augusta Dougherty and Nellie Griswold last summer; and Augusta is now married to a man she met in Paris—Will Perry, the Scullins' cousin,—while Nellie came back with the satisfaction of having fascinated one of the best eligibles in the English market. His name is Edward Hudson, I believe, and he publishes three or four clever periodicals, and has no end of literary and social prestige in London town. He's a bachelor under forty and wealthy. Nellie treats him like the scum of the earth, and simply won't say "yes;" but I think it will be settled this spring.

That dear child Sadie Pierce has finished up her long continued and apparently close friendship with Edgar Lackland, in short order. She hasn't breathed a word to me about it; nor have I asked her; but Maud Niedringhaus told me before she sailed, that Sadie had quite gotten tired of extending all kinds of social favors to Edgar, with absolutely no returns. Said he used to be at the Pierces for breakfast, luncheon and dinner, day after day; and the occasions when he reciprocated and rustled round to do things for Sadie were few and far between. Do you know I admire that sort of thing immensely—Sadie's frost for Edgar, I mean. You see, my dear, there are so many awfully rich girls in town who have quite gotten in the habit of doing the whole thing, socially, so far as going about with men is concerned. I mean, if it is a theatre, the girl gets the seats, takes the family brougham and, ten to one, gives a petit souper at her home afterwards. The men, with a few glittering exceptions, who don't spend their money on girls at all, are not fellows of wealth; but most of them are amply able to do a share of the entertaining,

don't you know. But with man's proverbial laziness, they just let the girls go ahead, and think it sufficient if they placidly and pleasantly accept favors. In the end it makes regular social sponges out of even the best men; that's exactly what it does. Of course the girls are to blame; but, bless your heart! some of the rich ones to whom I refer, would never get any attentions at all if they didn't bestir themselves in the way I have said. But the evil remains the same; and the Lackland boys are not the only fellows in town who accept everything and give nothing; no, indeed.

Marion Lambert and his wife, who was Miss Somebody or other of Virginia, have

been in town all winter; but going nowhere. I don't know whether they've refused all invitations or not; but I see them at the play occasionally, looking very lonesome. Mrs. Jordan Lambert has been too busy caring for her sick husband who has been at death's door, my dear, to do any entertaining for her very youthful and rather pretty sister-in-law; and the Albert Lamberts are in Europe this winter. So Mrs. Marion will have to wait until another season before she gets properly launched on the social seas.

By the way, I'm dying to find out who the girl was that Henry Turner had with him in McTague's the other afternoon. What odd things one sees, if one happens into restau-



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rants at hours when the crowds are not there! This was about three in the afternoon and mamma, who was shopping with me, suddenly felt hungry, so we hurried down into the big restaurant and ordered club sandwiches. There wasn't apparently a soul in the place, except the waiters and our two selves. I was just dipping into my sandwich when I heard a loud laugh from some remote corner and by twisting my neck and gazing into a side mirror I caught the reflection of Henry Turner and this girl 'way over by themselves in a corner. The waiter was rushing cocktails for them, and the girl who looked very refined and pretty—well-bred and all that, the real thing, my dear—was bubbling over with merriment. Now, I never thought that Henry was much of a wit; but she apparently found him so on this occasion, judging from the hilarious laughter that came from the corner. She looked like a mere school girl out for a lark and I'll wager my Easter toque, that she was some boarding school girl in town for that day shopping, and fell in with Henry. You should have seen his face when mamma and I took pains to pass their table on the way out. He was a lovely carmine pink.

The affair between Mary Norris Berry and Isaac Hedges whom you remember as that nice fellow with glasses who was, and I believe still is, much interested in the Choral Symphony, (breathe here) is quite off. They have not appeared together anywhere this season. I'm told that Mary asked her friends, indiscriminately, if they thought she could possibly live on three thousand a year; and Isaac heard of it and got mad. It does seem a little personal to have a man's income talked about in that frank way by his fiancée. You see she told indiscreet persons, who made unkind remarks. You may with perfect propriety, Nancy, dear, consult your family about the elasticity of your future husband's income; but even then it isn't always safe.

There are a whole lot of un-announced engagements floating round all winter, and a trial they are to our patience. Grace Cunningham and Doctor Robert Wilson; Pierre Garneau and Mrs. Clara Koehler; and Katheryn Edith Walsh and F. X. Barada; and Pauline Gehner and Gus Nieman; and the all-powerful "they" do say that Nellie Bagnell and Henry, irreverently nicknamed "Piggy," Ames belong in this category, too. Certainly he was most devoted before the Bagnells went West for the winter, and I know that he gave Nellie his photograph—a large one—in a very expensive silver frame, to carry with her. He is probably wearing her image in a locket round his neck. I must ask my Turkish bath-woman the next time. Her husband works in a bath down town and tells her lots of queer things.

There is a strong rivalry on just now between Belle Loader, that tall, very pretty and stylish blonde that you remember meeting one night last winter at one of Mr. Wegman's musicales, and a rather nice-looking, but not particularly young widow, Mrs. Virden by name. Her daughter was married not so long ago to one of the Lemps. The "object" of their joint affections is a bachelor who is interested in railroads, by the name of Horton or Norton, or something. Belle has deserted the field lately, and is off to New York. I saw the widow with the "object" at McTague's a few nights ago, and thought somebody ought to telegraph immediately for Belle.

Grace Massey, whom you inquired about,

is as great a favorite as ever; and so pretty, if she would only let nature go its own sweet way with her wavy blonde hair and not try to get herself up like a wax doll. Mrs. Harlowe Spencer, who was Ellen Christy, you know, is quite as bad; and might easily be the loveliest young matron in town if she'd merely stop spending hours of preparation and pairs of curling tongs on her hair.

And that reminds me that you never in all your life saw such a marvellous change as that which had come over the tout ensemble of Lilian Handlan-Lemp since her marriage. You recall the ancient tradition that no man could dance with her without getting his mouth full of hairpins? Well, I don't believe they had been married ten minutes before Billy Lemp effected a wonderful change in that curly wig of hers. She has now smoothed it down and combed it back until you can see the graceful shape of her head, and note what a fine brow she has. It absolutely transforms the girl. She is much improved other ways, too; not so hoydenish in manner.

Our old acquaintance R. Park von Wedelstaedt has been keeping more than quiet this winter. The debutantes have had little of his attention, though I believe he did rush Lelia Chopin a little early in the winter. I saw him and the elegant Lester Crawford crossing Olive street the other noon, both carrying a common, every-day market basket between them, with paper parcels lapping over the sides. I almost expected to see the tail of a fish protruding somewhere, or the fin of a lobster. Just imagine those two exquisites doing their own marketing and at such a crowded time, too! I told everybody that I met, and we've laughed at them both, ever since. R. Park gave one or two breakfasts during the season, that were said to be nice affairs. I was asked to one, but mamma wouldn't let me go. It was the last, which he gave for a Miss Cochran who was visiting a Mrs. Davis—Robert, I think her husband's name is—out on Newstead avenue. They must be new people. I met this Mrs. Davis at the D. O. C. ball and wasn't particularly taken with her gown of old black grenadine and soiled pink panne.

The Robert Stuarts are some more new people who have moved into a house way out on Lindell and who are disposed to be sociable. They have been giving musicales during the season. Mary Alice McLaran introduced me to Mrs. Stuart. She says they are all right. I couldn't go to the last musicale, but I called afterwards. The house is a curious mixture of Gobelin tapestry, Louis Quinze furniture, and—paper flowers in the jardinières! But, good gracious, Mrs. Julius Walsh has had the same bunch of red paper carnations on her library table for three years, I'm certain; so we musn't lay it up against Mrs. Stuart too severely.

Janet Lee and Irene Catlin are as chummy as ever. I see them cantering up Vandeventer Place almost every afternoon, Irene looking very blown and sitting her horse in fourteen different ways. Janet is still bearing the burden of aristocracy. She told me once, confidentially, that she didn't know a man in town who was her social equal; and I replied as mildly as I knew how, that I thought she'd have a heap better time if she'd stop being so exclusive.

Lucille Overstolz, whom you liked so much, is back this winter from New York, and her ankle quite well again. She doesn't have an amazing lot of fun, I'm sorry to say.

Thank Heaven, my mamma doesn't hold to antiquated notions about a chaperone in the room every time a man calls, and that it isn't proper for a girl to go to the theatre alone with a gent or gents! I know no end of men who have almost stopped going out to the Forster's to call; for they say Mrs. Forster does the chaperone act a little too strong. It certainly isn't flattering to the man.

Ida Mellier has been visiting Nellie Griswold since early in the winter. Fred Gray has simply constituted himself her willing slave, and we are all trying hard not to look significant when we see them together. I wish he had a lot more money. Ida is an awfully nice girl.

Of brides and bridegrooms we have a' many. There were lots of weddings this winter. The Clinton Whittemores are settled in a cozy house in Westminster, where Mrs. Clint's linen closet is the joy of her life, I'm told. I never thought Emma particularly domestic, but you can never tell. She and Clint were meandering along Olive street the other evening just about dusk, hand in hand, like the traditional honeymoon pairs we read about and seldom see—at least in the world in which you and I move and have our being. I spied the hand-holding from the cable car window as I passed.

The "Bob" Mudds have, of course, been going nowhere, since Dr. Mudd's death preceded their wedding by only a few weeks. They also have set up their "liars and peanuts" in proper fashion. France Woodworth, who is in this country for a year, made them a short visit before Lent, and was the same charming, gay France that we all remembered so well. The Woodworths live now in Paris.

Nina O'Fallon Turner, too, has been quiet because of mourning. What a pity it is that relatives will die so inopportunistly!

Perry Francis and Mrs. Perry narrowly escaped having all their wedding presents burned up in that Newstead avenue fire. They had planned to take the Farr house at the end of the row; but fortunately delayed a bit, and in the interim, the Farr's house and the whole block was burned. Mrs. Perry has been far from well for some time. The wedding almost had to be postponed, you know. I saw her at the theatre a few nights ago, looking very pale; but it might have been the gray coat which she wore. Brunettes with no coloring should flee from gray, my dear.

The Sel Edgars are back and looking very contented. Most astonishing thing, their resemblance to each other. Everybody remarked it when they were engaged. Do you know that's what makes a man fall in love with a girl,—because he sees something in her face which resembles his own, though of course he doesn't reason it out that way. He merely calls it attraction. At least this is what Jack Boogher tells me, and that handsome young man ought to be able to speak confidently on the subject, if anybody can. They report him engaged to little Annie Koehler just at present; but I don't believe it.

I'm perfectly wild to find out who stole Marie Hayes' picture. A man asked her for one—she won't tell who it was—and had a prompt refusal; since Marie doesn't give away her chromos with every package of tea, like a sensible girl. The aforesaid man skirmished round, until one day strolling into a studio, he found a little miniature of Marie framed in gold, standing on a cabinet. Talk about your social highway-



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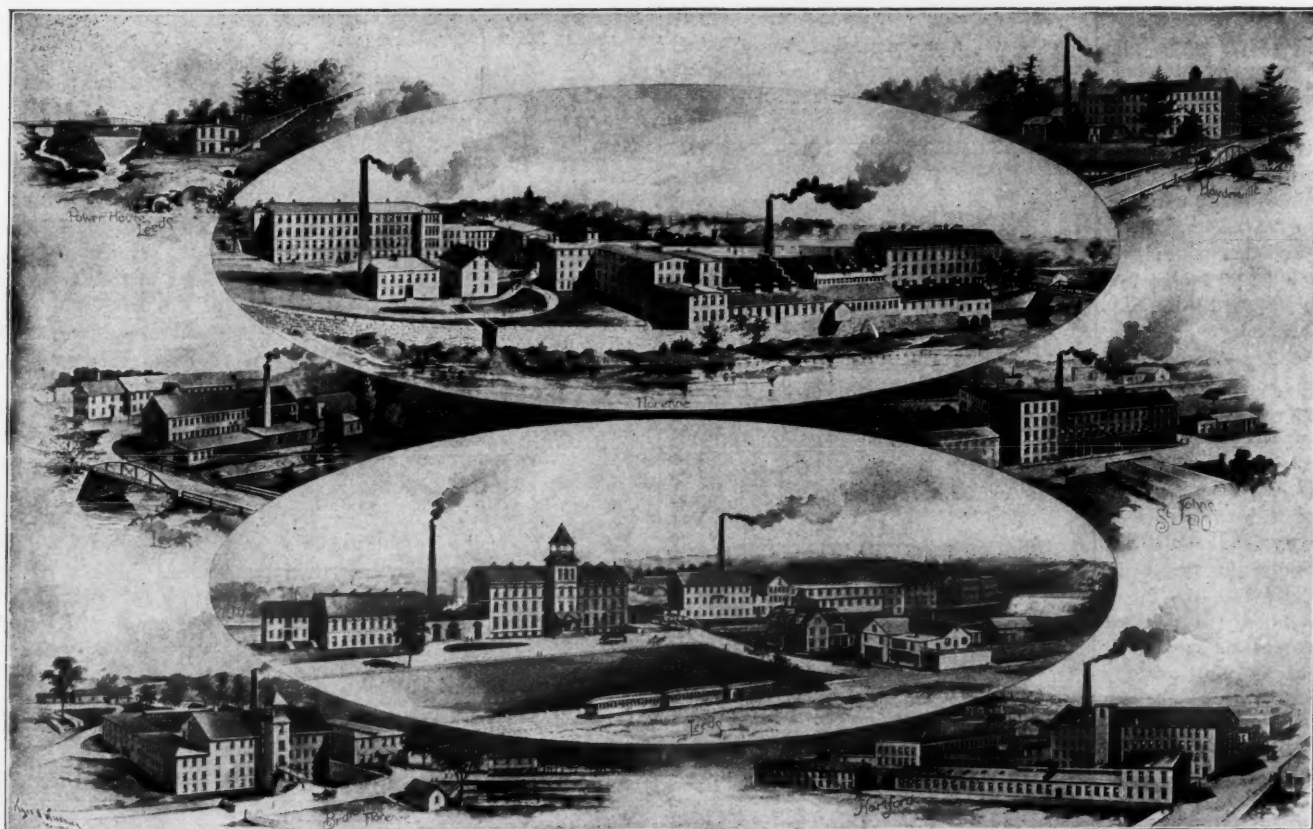
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men! He was the best ever. He stood looking at the pictures in an aimless sort of way, and biding his time, until, when nobody was looking, there came a chance to pocket the miniature; and you may be sure that he did it and left the studio right speedily. They didn't discover the loss until some time afterward; and then were not able to say definitely who had taken it, don't you see? Bert told me about it. He said the man has Marie's miniature in his bachelor apartments, and is immensely proud of it, but naturally doesn't tell how he obtained it. Bert saw the picture quite by accident one day, and told me, but we are both in a quandary about informing Marie. I think we ought to expose the man, but Bert says "no," not until he finds out whether Marie is really angry or not.

Mabel Filley's wedding plans have been knocked in the head by her grandfather's death. Isn't it odd that so many big weddings have been spoiled by relatives' deaths this winter? She will have a large affair but not so formal as she has expected and it will be at the house instead of at Christ Church Cathedral. The bridesmaids are not all selected, but Sadie Pierce is to be maid of honor. Mabel wanted all her maids to wear big Alsatian bows in their hair—she is perfectly daft about that kind of head-rigging, but Louise Simpkins, who is nothing if not frank, just said:

"My dear Mabel, you know that I'm awfully fond of you; but I positively refuse to make a guy of myself for anybody, and anybody, and those Alsatian bows have been passe for two years!"

Virginia Sanford is home this winter and has been giving more functions than almost anybody else in town. She seems to have taken up a young woman by the name of Leonora Montgomery Clague (I think that is all)—whose father is an army man, I believe, and who is rather pretty, but wears clothes that look like Collinsville, Illinois.

For real gossip, however, I'll have to condense two paragraphs from *Town Topics*. The most exciting story afloat, is about a party of girls and men who went into the Southern one night not long ago, after the theatre. They stayed until everybody else had gone; and then, just for a lark they decided to go into the bar. It was empty except for the bartender; and they swore him to secrecy. They drank all sorts of things—chaperoned, too, my dear—and then one of the girls, who is petite and brunette and was the best amateur ballet dancer that Jacob Mahler ever turned out—said she'd dance for them if they'd put her up on the counter. Up she went in a twinkling, with the assistance of two of the men; one of them her stalwart young cousin, and then while everybody sang rag-time songs, she did all the fancy steps that she knew right on the polished mahogany counter! When the fun was at its height and everybody getting awfully hilarious two newspaper men suddenly appeared in the doorway and stood transfixed by the spectacle. (Note that last phrase, Nan dear, I'm proud of it.) The Dancing Girl saw them first, shrieked and nearly fainted. The men then surrounded the two newspaper fellows and tried to buy them drinks and to bribe them to secrecy. The newspaper men were awfully nice about it, and readily promised not to give the thing away. I don't believe that they did, either; but one of the girls couldn't keep it and told me yesterday when I called. I've promised not to reveal names yet.

Oh, and another jolly bit of gossip! I

could tell you who the man is, but I won't until you reach St. Louis. He is a young married man of town, and the swellest of the swell. Has a beautiful wife who wasn't a St. Louis girl; and has only been married two years. One of his pet diversions is riding alone at night. One very cold night last month he started out on his bay cob, and at the end of two hours was feeling pretty gay, having visited several places of liquid refreshments to keep the inner man comfortably warm. As he cantered along upper Olive street, lights in a certain winter garden attracted him, and he accordingly turned his horse toward the door. The place used to be a riding school, but he totally forgot that it has been a winter garden for several months. Two ladies in long tan cloaks and big plumed hats, were just going in; and they opened the door for him. He rode straight in; rounded the tables; saluted several of his men friends who were seated in the place; and altogether appeared to be enjoying himself immensely. The proprietor came forward to remonstrate; but when he found out that it was this wealthy manufacturer who has recently sold out to a trust, he never said a word. The gay cavalier rode about some more; and then departed, the door being again held open by the two ladies in long cloaks and plumed hats. It made a great sensation, and all the men have talked about nothing else ever since, and appear to applaud his daring. If a girl would do anything that approximated this performance, she would be an outcast from our set for the rest of our natural life. And yet people only laugh at this man and think that it was smart. Such an unfair world, isn't it, Nancy, dear!

But no more of this scribbling. I tremble to think of the postage that this letter will require. Freight would be much more economical transportation. Adieu! And may you be entertained by my nonsense! Yours affectionally and confidentially,
St. Louis, March 15, 1900. Marcella.

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HOW SUBSIDY WORKS.

Recently the tramp steamer *Venus* put in to Philadelphia from Ancona, via Bermuda, with the smallest cargo, considering the size of the vessel, that ever reached that port. It was a surprised lot of officials who examined the vessel's manifest, and found that the only goods aboard consisted of five tons of chalk, worth fifty dollars. Yet Captain Trapani had merely taken advantage of the shipping laws of Italy, showing the peculiar possibility of their workings, and shrewdly profiting by them.

The *Venus* is a steamer of 2,641 tons, and its paltry cargo seemed little less than ridiculous until Captain Trapani had explained. At first he was supposed to have brought a sample, possibly to test the market, but he declared that the cargo was all he had desired to carry, that he had steamed 4,000 miles to carry it, and was satisfied. He told a reporter that under the shipping laws of Italy, the government pays one franc per ton on an Italian steamer's tonnage for each 1,000 miles sailed when it leaves a home port with a cargo, regardless of the size or character of the cargo. This is done, of course, to encourage shipping, increase exports, and generally stimulate commerce. Hence Trapani's voyage and his five tons of chalk.

For the trip he will receive from the government \$528.20 for each thousand miles, or \$2,112 for the trip. This, he avers, will not only pay all expenses, and leave him a profit, but he finds himself at a port where he can advantageously secure a more imposing cargo. From the standpoint of the captain it was doubtless an astute business

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move; but as to the view the government will take in handing over the subsidy, the captain has no concern. The price seems high for the taking across the ocean of five tons of chalk, but it serves to keep the ship moving, keeps it in the channels of trade, and in touch with the world of barter.—*The Argonaut*.

Mrs. Brown (at Mrs. Smith's tea)—"Oh, dear, that dreadful Miss Smith is singing again. I wonder what started her?" Tom Brown (aged seven)—"I dropped a penny down her back when she wasn't looking."—*Chicago Journal*.

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Professor John Snelling Popkin was professor of Greek at Harvard, some years ago, and he was not without a nickname, which he accepted as a matter of course from the students; but hearing it on one occasion from a man of dapper, jaunty, unacademic aspect, Professor Popkin exclaimed: "What

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right has that chap to call me 'Old Pop'? He isn't a student of Harvard College."

Tommy—"Pop, what is vulgar ostentation?" Tommy's Father—"Vulgar ostentation, my son, is the display made by people who have more money to do it with than we have ourselves."—*Philadelphia Record*.

THE PURE MILK QUESTION.

Nothing is more important to a community than pure milk, for it means health and strength to everyone. The St. Louis Dairy Company's efforts to obtain pure milk, after a series of experiments covering about thirty years, have, at last, been rewarded with a success which should compel the patronage of those intelligent persons who realize the importance of the pure milk question. This success has been attained solely by carrying out investigation of the milk problem along the lines of the most progressive, best medical thought upon the subject. The St. Louis Dairy Company is one of the two best milk supply establishments in the United States—the other is in Boston—selected as such by the United States Agricultural Department to furnish an illustrative and descriptive exhibit of the milk business at the coming Paris Exposition.

Away back in the early 70's, the work, that has resulted so splendidly, began. The company at that time took up the idea of Drs. Bryson and Dean of this city that swill-feeding of cattle was dangerous, that it made unhealthy fat on cattle, that it produced tuberculosis. The company then went to the country for its milk. Only the lacteal fluid from cows fed upon the natural product was taken, and the good feature of this move is continued to this day. Every idea looking to pure milk supply since then, has been tested by the St. Louis Dairy Company. It has seen all the fads rise and fall. The sweetened condensed milk had its vogue and passed, because it was not natural milk. The "milk from one cow" fad had its day and ceased to be. Sterilized milk was abandoned because the sterilization of milk removed the life-giving qualities of the fluid. All the time the St. Louis Dairy Company followed closely the most advanced medical thought. This led to the discarding of all the fads and finally culminated in the establishment of the present plant according to the scientific suggestion of Dr. E. W. Saunders, which supplies the greater and better portion of this community with milk that is absolutely perfect for human refreshment and sustenance. The St. Louis Dairy Company's milk is known as "modified milk." Mr. Alvord, of the Agricultural Department of the United States government, has made a personal inspection of the St. Louis Dairy Company's plant and method of doing business, and has commended both unreservedly. To creamery men and dairy men, Mr. Alvord is the highest authority, and his commendation means volumes of praise. The problem of artificial feeding of infants has passed through the phases cited above, during the last thirty-two years. Lately we have had a surfeit of proprietary infants' foods, but these are not recommended by the best physicians. Then we have had certified milk; that is, milk from daily inspected dairies, with cows under continuous veterinary supervision, regularly immunized against tuberculosis. The St. Louis Dairy Company has taken up the certified dairy idea and expanded it. It supplies milk, as prescribed by a physician, from a dairy conducted as are the dairies from which certified milk is supplied to Chicago and New York. It must be borne in mind that the milk so supplied is gathered with care and is treated solely with a view to its suitability for infants, the mortality among whom, as all physicians know, is due chiefly to unwholesome milk.

In 1891, Prof. T. M. Rotch, of Harvard

University, and Mr. G. E. Gordon, of the Walker-Gordon Laboratory Company, worked out what is now known as the Walker-Gordon modifying method. The laboratories, using only the properly produced materials, and conducted with the utmost care, proceed in their work with the closest attention to scientific and exact methods. These laboratories fill exactly all prescriptions written by physicians, for infant or adult feeding, and keep in stock for physicians' orders all the materials that may be demanded by those who desire to carry out individual theories or specific practices in feeding. It is a matter of prime importance to the physician that the food he requires for his patients be exactly prepared. When this has been done, it alone remains, for the production of perfect results, that the physician alone shall direct the feeding.

After a careful investigation into the practical workings of the Walker-Gordon Laboratory in Boston, the St. Louis Dairy Company added such a laboratory to its business in 1897. The sales of this department have steadily increased, and it is now handling two hundred gallons of milk daily.

To protect the members of the medical profession who honor the St. Louis Dairy Company with their confidence, Dr. Carl Fisch, has consented to make bacteriologic examinations of the milk used by the "clinical" or Walker-Gordon Laboratory Department. These examinations will be made weekly or bi-weekly, and a report rendered each month, which will be mailed to physicians. The last bacteriologic examination of the 5% fat milk was made on a sample taken March 29th. Dr. Fisch says: "The total number of germs present was determined from the average of each 6 gelatine plates and 6 agar plates. The quantity of milk used for each plate was always 0.1 cc. The gelatine plates gave an average of 5,690; the agar plates gave an average of 6,310, so that the number of germs present in one cubic centimeter of the milk does not much exceed 5,000. In order to get evidence whether pathogenic forms could be found among them the following well-known method was adopted. One cc. of the milk was mixed with 100 cc. of sterile 1% peptone bouillon, to which 5 cc. of Parietti's fluid had been added, while to another mixture of the same quantities of milk and bouillon only 3 cc. of this fluid were added. Both mixtures were incubated at 37 deg. C. for 24 hours. After this time one cc. of each mixture was injected intraperitoneally into a guinea pig. The result to-day is: Guinea pig I. (5 cc. Parietti's mixture): Perfectly well. Guinea pig II. (3 cc. Parietti's mixture): Perfectly well. The milk therefore did not contain any pathogenic germs.

So much for the St. Louis Dairy Company's clinical milk department.

The St. Louis Dairy Company not only gets its milk from healthy cows, in the country, fed upon natural products, but the great plant in this city was built to carry out four ideas; that the quality of the milk and cream delivered (except that from the Walker-Gordon Department) should be the same to every customer; that the milk should be filtered: that it should be aerated: that the milk should be kept in cold air rather than in cans, or bottles, set in ice water, because it is a cleaner method, until it is sent on route. The St. Louis Dairy Company was the pioneer in this part of the country in the matter of delivering milk in bottles. The best trade in St. Louis is now supplied with

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milk in bottles, but the St. Louis Dairy Company strictly adheres to the most rigorous methods of cleaning and sterilizing the bottles, and sells the different sorts of milk in bottles with the name of the kind of milk to which they are devoted blown in the bottle.

There is legislation on the milk question in the ordinances of this city. But it is legislation that doesn't protect the buyer. Dr. J. E. Sullivan and Dr. Howard Carter, both endeavored to do something to secure legislation that would give pure milk, but both gentlemen found the milk ordinance in-

operative. The result of all attempts to secure effective milk legislation has been a failure. The laws won't work. They won't work because they are not rightly framed and passed. Why they are not rightly framed and passed may be found among the secrets of practical politics. The people are incredulous of talk about danger in milk. The man who talks pure milk is hooted at. So the people buy what is cheapest, in many instances. Competition reduces the quality and the reduction of quality means neglect of sanitary precautions, and neglect of sanitary precautions means the spread of deadly disease. The people cannot look to the city, at least they do not, to secure a pure milk supply. They are at the mercy of dishonest dealers, and without redress. They can only look to the honorable milk-dealing concern for an honest milk. There is so much dishonesty in the milk business that there is but one sure way for the consumer to make sure of getting a pure supply. That way is to deal with a concern that has proved its intent by its works, a company that has spent hundreds of thousands of dollars in establishing a plant to provide the purest milk. The St. Louis Dairy Company obtains its milk from the healthiest cows, and country cows that know grass when they see it. The St. Louis Dairy Company takes pains to filter the milk, cool it, and then put it on the market in vessels absolutely rendered free of all possible taint. The company guarantees every vessel of milk sent forth, and will investigate any complaint. The company guards against any mixture of skim milk and unskimmed milk. It sells exactly what any customer may call for, and it sells nothing that is not pure. The safe course to pursue, for those who want only the best milk, is to purchase of the St. Louis Dairy. For those who want milk of an especially fine quality, or milk especially fitted for combinations with other substances suited for the nourishment of infants or invalids there is no other source of supply in the West than the St. Louis Dairy Company. This company, in this particular, has been guided in its improvements solely by the progress of medical thought upon the milk question, and to-day its output is unhesitatingly endorsed by the best physicians in this city and this western country. The St. Louis Dairy Company's plant is, therefore, one of the great institutions of the city and, in fact, of the country. It is singled out as a representative, scientifically-conducted food-supply establishment to be shown to the world. It is indorsed by the best authorities on food questions, and it is as careful to satisfy the demands of the smallest as well as the largest customer.

“Algernon is very interesting,” said the stockbroker's daughter. “What does he talk about?” inquired her father. “Why, he's ever so well posted in Seakespearean quotations.” “Young woman,” said the financier, sternly, “don't you let him deceive you; there ain't no such stock on the market.”—*Tit-Bits*.

The more civilized a man is, the more elegantly he dines. To meet this demand for the elegance and refinement (coupled with the substantial) is the aim of the Lindell Hotel Restaurant. The well-bred citizen, whose duties allow him but a short time for a midday meal, will find at this restaurant prompt service, an excellent menu and popular prices.

IN NEW CUBA.

“It is quite the proper thing to rave over the beauty of the dark-eyed *señoritas* and *señoras*,” says the Havana correspondent of *Town Topics*. “Surely they are beautiful; but they all look alike. They look alike, dress alike, talk alike, think alike, and act alike. To see one is to see them all. At this ball, during the evening, were grouped in one corner the wealth, titles, and beauty of Havana. It was at the first glance a bouquet of surpassing beauty. That so many really beautiful women could be brought together at one ball seemed wonderful. As I studied the effect it wearied me, because of the monotonous sameness. There was the black hair, dressed high with pompadour twist and aigrette. There were the dark eyes, shaded with long lashes, the perfect eyebrows, the clear-cut features, the brilliant white-and-red complexion, the pleasant, expecting-to-be-admired expression, and jewels that an Astor or Vanderbilt would not disdain. The dresses were decidedly Parisian, and the figures that carried them queenly and exceedingly graceful. But nowhere in this wonderful beauty-picture was there a spark of individuality. I understood better why Americans, after a week of admiring the ‘picture,’ find the Cuban ladies uninteresting. They do not read topics of the day; after the usual personal flattery and compliments have been disposed of they cannot find anything to talk about. The Cuban gentleman do not make companions of their women. After the flattery and the dance are over, the Cuban seeks men for companionship. You see everywhere groups of women together and groups of men, but seldom, if ever, a man and a woman in high life who are indulging in a *tete-à-tete* conversation. The customs of the country do not allow it, and the men do not seem to desire it. Possibly they, too, like the Americans, get tired of too much sameness in beauty. The Cuban women, young ladies, and even little girls, destroy all their dark Southern beauty by plastering a white wash over the face. They claim they do it because of the warm climate and the constant moisture on the skin. But, no; it is done to enhance the beauty, as they gauge beauty, and it is as barbarous as the decorations of the Sioux Indians. Sometimes rouge is used with it, but that is not customary among the best women. Rouge is considered an insignia of immorality but *blanco* is correct form. They all have magnificent eyes, and many of the young ladies know how to use them, particularly those who have been in the States or have had a European education. The Cuban girls were great favorites with our army officers before their wives, sisters, daughters and sweethearts came from the States. The wives and sweethearts were inclined to be jealously prejudiced, and the Cubans have been neglected since. The officers say, in excuse, ‘they don't talk English.’ But what enjoyment there was in teaching them English, and how pretty their mistakes were before the wives, sisters, daughters and sweethearts arrived!”

The giving of Easter presents is a custom constantly growing in favor. Cut Glass, Easter Vases, from \$1 to \$25. Crosses, crucifixes and prayer books in handsome covers, pretty and inexpensive novelties in china ware, in ash and pin trays, souvenir cups and saucers, paper weights, etc., from 50 cents to \$5, at Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.



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TEN WHITE HOUSE WEDDINGS

The marriage of Miss Mabel McKinley, niece of the President, to Mr. Hermann Baer of Philadelphia, during the late spring or early summer, will be the tenth wedding celebrated in the White House. It will be the first since President Grover Cleveland was married in the spring of 1886.

Old servants of the White House, who have held their positions since the time of Lincoln, remember vividly the marriages which have taken place in the executive mansion since the war. From the files of the old *National Intelligencer*, and from other records in the National library of congress, as well as by careful inquiry and research at the White House, with the assistance of Colonel Bingham, superintendent of public grounds, facts have been gathered concerning the White House marriages of the past.

According to the authorities consulted, only nine weddings have occurred in the president's Washington house. President Tyler was married in New York in June, 1844. The first marriage in the executive mansion was that of a Miss Todd of Philadelphia, a relative of President Madison's wife, and was solemnized in the East room in 1811. The bridegroom was Edward B. Jackson, a representative in Congress from Virginia, and a great-uncle of Stonewall Jackson. This Mr. Jackson, while in congress, fought a duel with Mr. Eppes, another Virginia congressman. A child born of this first White House marriage was named James Madison Jackson and, a dozen years ago, there were many old citizens of Washington who remembered him.

The next marriage in the same building was that of President Monroe's daughter, Maria, the bridegroom being her first cousin

on her mother's side, Mr. Samuel L. Gouverneur, at one time postmaster of New York. This wedding occurred in March, 1820, and was a very brilliant entertainment, though but a limited number of guests were invited to it, including only the attendants, relations and a few old friends. The late Mr. Samuel Gouverneur of this city was born in the White House of this marriage, and died in Washington not very many years ago. His widow and daughters still live here.

The next couple wedded in the White House were also cousins. This marriage occurred in the blue parlor in 1826, John Quincy Adams being president, and the couple united were his son and private secretary, John Adams, and Miss Helen, a niece of Mrs. Adams. The wedding took place in the evening in the presence of a very distinguished company. The late Columbus Monroe of Washington and the late General Ramsey, at one time chief of ordnance, and Miss Monroe and Miss Ramsay—the latter subsequently the wife of Col. Turnbull, U. S. A.—were among the attendants at the wedding, all of whom are now dead. It is said that this match was not wholly agreeable to President Adams and his family; but, if so, no mention of it is made in his diary. Nothing was left undone to make the occasion a merry one, and President Adams so far relaxed his usual dignity as to be the best talker at the table at a series of grand dinner parties which were given at the executive mansion during the week following the nuptials of his son.

Two weddings took place at the White House while Jackson was president. First was that of Miss Mary Lewis, the daughter of Major Lewis, General Jackson's intimate friend and companion in arms. Miss Lewis married M. Alphonse Joseph Yver Pageot,

a native of Martinique, who was secretary of the French legation in this city in 1836 and 1840, and was minister from France to this country from 1842 to 1848. The gossips said that Louis Philippe appointed him minister that he might look after his wife's property in Tennessee. There are still some old Washingtonians who remember Mme. Pageot. She died over thirty years ago at Montpelier in France. She made a lovely bride, it is recalled, and President Jackson gave her away.

The other marriage while he lived in the executive mansion was that of Miss Easton of Tennessee, his niece, and Mr. Polk of the same State, a kinsman of President Polk. Old residents recall that Miss Easton was to have married Lieutenant Bolton Finch of the navy, an Englishman by birth who, in 1833, had his name changed by Congress to Bolton, and died in 1849 as Commodore William Compton Bolton. He was one of the beaux of the time, and had been reported engaged to several others before he was accepted by Miss Easton, who jilted him at the last moment, though the day for the wedding was fixed and the guests invited. Mr. Polk had hurried from Tennessee in his coach and four to make a last appeal. Tradition says General Jackson advised the change, saying to his niece in his emphatic way: "Take care, my dear, with love marriage is heaven; without it, hell."

A wedding reception took place in the White House also in Jackson's administration, when his adopted son, Andrew Jackson, Jr., brought his bride, who was Miss Yorke of Philadelphia, daughter of Peter Yorke of that city, whom he had married in her father's house there, to visit President Jackson in Washington.

The next wedding in the executive mansion

was on January 31, 1842, when President Tyler's daughter Elizabeth was married to Mr. William Waller of Williamsburg, Va. Mrs. Robert Tyler wrote of it: "Lizzie looked surpassingly lovely in her wedding dress and long lace veil, her face literally covered with blushes and dimples."

President Tyler was married in Ascension Church in New York, but had his wedding reception in the East room of the White House, in the latter part of June, 1844, having begun his courtship to Miss Julia Gardiner, a beautiful young girl of not more than 20, in that room in the preceding February, at an evening reception on Washington's birthday. His wife had died in the White House soon after their daughter was married. At the wedding reception, when all their Washington friends were present to tender their congratulations, Senator John C. Calhoun escorted the bride to the supper table and cut the wedding cake for her.

No one remembers a wedding or a wedding reception in the executive mansion between this time and the wedding in the East room on May 21, 1874, of Miss Nellie Grant and Mr. Algernon Charles Frederick Sartoris, which was by far the most elaborate entertainment of the kind ever held in the White House.

The following autumn Colonel Frederick Grant, who was married in Chicago to Miss Ida Honore, brought his bride to Washington and his parents, President and Mrs. Grant, gave an evening reception in the White House in their honor.

Four years later there was another White House wedding, when Miss Emily Platt, the niece of Mr. Hayes, was married to General Russell Hastings, formerly lieutenant colonel of the twenty-third regiment of Ohio volunteers, of which Mr. Hayes had been

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colonel. The wedding took place in the Blue Parlor, on June 19, 1878. This wedding, in deference to the wishes of both bride and groom, was as quiet a one as possible. Miss Platt had been to Mr. and Mrs. Hayes like a daughter, and, her own mother being dead, had long been a member of their family. She lived with them in the White House from the time they moved there until her marriage.

Few persons have forgotten the brilliant marriage ceremony of President Grover Cleveland and Miss Frances Folsom, in the spring of 1886. It was the first time that a President had been married in the White House, and it was also the most brilliant ceremony that was ever performed in the executive mansion.

There has been no wedding since that time. Miss McKinley, who is at present living with the President and his wife at the executive mansion, has spent most of the past three years here in Washington, and has always been known as the President's favorite niece. She is the daughter of Mr. Abner McKinley, and is not yet 21 years of age. Mr. Hermanus Baer is at present studying medicine at the Jefferson Medical college, Philadelphia, and the ceremony, it is expected, will take place in June, at the latest. The President has already given his consent to have the marriage performed in the White House.

In the past thirty years two Presidents of the United States have celebrated their silver weddings. These were Grant and Hayes. The twenty-fifth anniversary of the marriage of the former was celebrated at their cottage at Long Branch on August 22, 1873. On December 31, 1877, Mr. and Mrs. Hayes celebrated their silver wedding in the White House by an evening reception for a limited number of invited guests. Their actual wedding day was the 30th of December, but as that day fell on Sunday in 1877, the following evening was celebrated. On Sunday, however, there was a quiet celebration of a religious character, when the marriage ceremony was performed in the blue parlor, by the Rev. L. D. McCabe, who had

married Lucy Webb and Rutherford B. Hayes, in Cincinnati, on December 30, 1852. On the same day there was a christening and a christening feast. The baptism occurred in the blue parlor. The children baptized were the youngest of the family of Mr. and Mrs. Hayes—Fannie and Scott—and the infant of Mr. and Mrs. Herron of Cincinnati, who was then named Lucy Hayes.

Polk and Fillmore were the only other Presidents whose silver weddings were celebrated while they filled office. The two Adamses, John and John Quincy, are the only two Presidents who had golden weddings or fifty years of married life, but these anniversaries expired after their term ex-

EASTER FANCIES.

It is a pleasure for parents to come to us to clothe their boys. Our array of elegant garments for Boys meets with universal approbation.

Our stock is the largest, selections the most stylish and values the best.

Nothing is too good for the small boy. Our Spring stock of Top Coats, Vest Suits, Blouse Suits and Fancy Silk Vests is very elegant. If ever grace, distinction, fashion, fit, wear and all-round excellence were compressed into Boys' Clothing, they are in this season's clothing.

The beauty of the elegant Vest Suit for Boys, ages 4 to 8, must be seen to be appreciated. They are made full suit alike, also with fancy silk vest.

Our Easter styles in Children's Shirts, Scarfs, Jewelry, and in fact everything in the Furnishing and Clothing line, is beyond comparison. Come and see.

Browning, King & Co.

Broadway and Pine St.

pired. John and Abigail Adams lived together sixty-two years, and John Quincy Adams and his wife nearly fifty-one years. The next longest periods of wedded life enjoyed by any of the Presidents were William Henry Harrison and Andrew Johnson, each of whom had been married forty-six years when he died. Madison was married forty-two years before his death, Monroe forty-one years before his wife died, and Washington forty years before he died. Jackson and his wife had been wedded thirty-seven years when his death occurred. Tyler and his first wife, and Pierce and his wife, were each married twenty-nine years when death in each case removed the wife. Tyler, Fillmore and Benjamin Harrison are the only chief magistrates of this nation who have had two wives.—*N. Y. Sun.*

687,795.

The twenty-ninth volume of Gould's St. Louis City Directory has just made its appearance for this year, bound much more attractively than ever before. There are few people who pause to consider the proportions of such a task as is involved in the canvassing, completion and printing of a volume such as this. It contains 129,265 names in the general part of the work, with 25,000 names in the business and appendix portions. The book is composed of over 2,500 pages and this is printed in the space of ninety days. Another feature of this work, and the most important, is the verification of the names. The one thing that distinguishes the Gould City Directory is the attention that is paid to this matter of verification. The publisher prides himself upon his accuracy. The St. Louis City Directory has long been known as the most accurate in the country. From the figures, Mr. D. B. Gould estimates that the City of St. Louis has a popu-

lation of 687,795. In 1890 the Directory showed a population of 466,287. This indicates a gain in ten years of 221,508. These figures are an excellent showing of the growth of this community and they imply a phenomenal accompanying increase in the business, commercial and manufacturing interest here.

A benefactor: "James," whispered the good woman, "there's a burglar in the parlor. He stumbled against a piano in the dark. I heard several of the keys struck." "All right!" said James, "I'll go down." "Oh, James, you're not going to do anything rash?" "Certainly not; I'm going to help him. You don't suppose he can get that piano out of the house without assistance, do you?"—*Philadelphia Press.*

A number of weddings in society are announced to occur soon after Easter. A present of solid silverware is esteemed the gift of all gifts. The most complete collection in new and exclusive designs at Mermod & Jaccard's, the Silversmiths of St. Louis, Broadway and Locust.

At a country *fete* a conjurer was performing the old trick of producing eggs from a hat, when he remarked to a little boy: "Your mother can't get eggs without hens, can she?" "Of course she can!" replied the lad. "Why, how is that?" asked the conjurer. "She keeps ducks," replied the boy, amid roars of laughter.—*Tit-Bits.*

New importations in Art bronzes, Terra Cottas and Vienna golden cut glass, just received from the art centers of Europe. These goods are unique and entirely new, and are well worth a visit of inspection. J. Bolland Jewelry Company, Mercantile Club Building, Locust and Seventh street.

A BRIDAL TOUR IN TEXAS.

Two Thousand Seven Hundred Miles of Travel in the Lone Star State.

"Welcome home, Clarice! Why you look as if you had been to a health resort. You are positively rosy and have got younger looking."

"Thanks, dear, I feel 'awfully fit' as our London friend, Chumley, would say. By-the-way, what's become of him?"

"O, he is hanging around the clubs. You'll see him next week at somebody's dance. But, tell me, dear, what made you choose Texas for your trip? And El Paso—why that's outside of civilization, isn't it?"

"No, you little goose, it's right in it. You've no idea what a charming place it is. You know Jack has a big investment there, and before we were married he said if I wouldn't mind going there for our bridal trip he would feel it a great obligation, as he could combine business with pleasure. As I had never been farther south than Memphis, I said I should have no objection, especially as he promised to break the journey for a week at Hot Springs."

"Didn't you find it a terrible long journey?"

"O, no, I wasn't at all ennuiéd. Jack knew the road, and from St. Louis to El Paso there was a constant panorama of attractive scenery. We traveled over the Texas and Pacific Railway, and in the Pullman the people were so attentive—I mean the conductors and railway officials—that I felt sorry when the journey came to an end. And who do you think we met at the Eastman?"

"I know; so you needn't make such a secret of it, Clarice. Mr. Charles Stewart wrote me that he had met Mr. and Mrs. John Staples at Hot Springs. Now then go on with your story, my dear."

"O, how sharp you are to a poor young married person! But all the same, Miss Edith, Charlie told Jack that you had promised to be 'his'n' in June, and, as it hasn't been announced in the papers, I'll send it to the MIRROR if you are not very good. But, take my advice, Edie, and take that trip to El Paso and thence into Mexico. It beats the Eastern tour with its well-known resorts all to pieces. No one knows all the greatness and grandeur of our 'ain countree' until they have traversed Texas. Leaving St. Louis one goes southwest over the Iron Mountain road all through Arkansas, which you will be surprised to learn is the great fruit-raising section of the West, at least Jack says it is. After you cross the Red River, in a little while you come to Texarkana, where the main line of the Texas Pacific begins. One branch goes South, through the flourishing City of Jefferson to Marshall, one of the neatest cities in Texas. There you can go east to Shreveport, on the Red River, and thence due southeast to dear old New Orleans, the Texas and Pacific bisecting Louisiana from its northwest to its southeast corner, or, as we did, go due West from Marshall."

We passed through cities all giving signs of prosperity, and the wondrous growth that belongs to everything in Texas. There was Longview, which Jack told me was only a railroad builder's camp when he was a boy, now an important city, Mineola as attractive as its name, Terrell a thriving burgh and Fort Worth, the "Chicago" of the northern part of the State, where a dozen railroad lines have an entrepot.

At Weatherford, about thirty-five miles from Fort Worth, we took a branch road to

visit a lovely little place called Mineral Wells—a gem of a health resort whose waters are said to be superior to all others in this country. We lingered there a couple of days, though I would have wished to prolong he visit for a month.

"Resuming our westward trip there were fewer large cities, but many small places and great farms or ranches. We crossed the Rio Colorado (which overflowed last week, you remember, causing the breaking of the dam at Austin) at Colorado, and one of its branches at Big Springs and at Pecos City we crossed the Rio Pecos, a branch of the Rio Grande del Norte. The Spanish names of places and the presence of Mexicans remind you that you are nearing 'the sister republic' long before you reach El Paso, which, is on the American side of the Rio Grande, which from this city to Matamoros on the Gulf, forms the boundary line."

"Why, Clarice, I declare you talk like a book. I must suggest to the President that you be invited to read a paper on Texas at the Wednesday Club. But tell me something about El Paso."

"I can't dear. What I saw of it would fill a book. It has a most delightful climate; you know it is nearly 4,000 feet above the sea-level, and the air is so pure and invigorating that one has to feel happy in the sunshine. Then El Paso is quite up-to-date, well lighted, and as clean a city as I ever saw. I told Jack I would like to live there always. From St. Louis to El Paso and return is 2,714 miles—quite a journey, you know, but a very enjoyable one. But now let's go and have lunch."

LORD ROSEBERY.

Lord Rosebery is the most elusive of European statesmen (says *Harper's Weekly*.) Disraeli puzzled his countrymen sorely, but Disraeli was a mystery man by instinct and policy. Lord Rosebery baffles in spite of himself. After twenty years of public life, England is still at a loss to know what he is or what are his opinions. Yet the fault, apparently, is not Lord Rosebery's. Nothing seems further from his engaging openness than any turn for dissimulation. Few men could have borne themselves more candidly or more publicly than he. He has done so much, and been so much, in politics, literature, sport, and society, touched life at so many corners, and gathered ears of corn from so many harvests, that one would hardly suspect any difficulty in "placing" him. He has held the two greatest of English offices—he has been both prime minister and foreign secretary; he has also been chairman of the London county council; there is hardly a subject, from street advertisements to imperial policies, on which he has not spoken. Windsor knows him no better than Whitechapel, and Whitechapel no better than Windsor—in both he is equally at home, equally popular, and equally incognizable. His interests stretch far beyond the humdrum game of politics; he does almost everything that Englishmen like their leaders to do; his colors are seen everywhere on the turf, his cattle invade all the agricultural shows in the land, he hunts and shoots and farms and breeds and writes books; and yet, with all these data, England is as far from making up her mind about him as when he first came into public notice as Mr. Gladstone's host during the opening Midlothian campaign.

Easter Cards—Mermod & Jaccard's.

"ST. LOUIS' GREATEST STORE,"

CRAWFORD'S,

WASHINGTON AVENUE AND SIXTH STREET.

Advance Sale of Easter Goods==We Are Ready.

Every Department has its Easter Assortment so complete that criticisms retire. Easter Millinery, Easter Jackets, Easter Capes, Easter Gowns, Easter Dress Stuffs and Easter Furnishings of every kind for Men, Women and Children. In fact whatever the fancy of Woman or mind of Man could wish in matters Wearable, Personal or Domestic, is

All Ready for Your Choosing at Prices in Every Instance Right.

FOR EASTER SALE

An Irresistible Array of Surpassing Values
in Laces and Embroideries.

LACES.

Our New York representative bought at his own price a big importer's entire lot sample pieces, 5,000 in all, Torchon and Medici lace and insertions, from 1½ to 5 inches wide; import price 7½c to 12½c yard—come early and get your choice of the lot at, a yard..... 5c

12 handsome Black Silk Taffeta Applique over-skirts, also Black Silk Lace overskirts; regular value \$17.50 and \$20.00—choice at, each, \$9.00, \$10.00 and..... \$11.00

The handsomest line of Lace and Fancy Silk Allovers ever shown in this town over 200 different styles to show you in white, cream, black, also fancy colors and combinations, from and upward, a yard..... 50c

EMBROIDERIES.

Big Sale of Cambric Embroidery.

500 pieces Cambric Embroidery, also colored edging, worth 7½c a yard—sale price..... 5c

1000 pieces Cambric, nice, open work, all cut out, from 3 to 5 inches; regular value 15c yard—choice at, a yard..... 10c

1500 pieces Cambric Embroidery, nice skirt widths, also insertion; regular value 17½c a yard—at, a yard..... 12½c

5000 manufacturer's strips, 4½-yard lengths, all widths from 1 to 10 inches wide, only sold by the strip—at less than import prices.

EASTER SALE OF WASH GOODS.

Wonderfully Pretty Summer Cotton Fabrics.
Veritable dreams of delicacy in shadings, printing and weave.

Fine Satin Stripe French Gingham, in a large and varied assortment of all the newest colorings, in small, medium and large sized plaids and checks, all fast colors, at per yard..... 40c

Mousseline Zephyr is one of the newest of fine sheer wash fabrics of this season; in this we have, as in all other lines, dainty colorings in stripes and checks 32 inches wide, per yard..... 25c

Jacquard Brocades is another one of the popular fabrics for waists and dresses. This we think is one of the swellest cotton fabrics on the market and really makes up and looks as well as silk; do not fail to see them at, per yard..... 35c

EASTER SALE

SPRING MILLINERY.

Our own exclusive designs and the best ideas of the Parisian Models in Bonnets, Round Hats, Toques and Turbans for Spring, each possessing its own individuality of grace and charm which has made the CRAWFORD Millinery so famous. The Most Moderate of Prices for such millinery elegance and exclusiveness.

TRIMMED DEPARTMENT.

\$25.00 Hats from Imported Paris models..... \$15.00
\$20.00 Hats from Imported Paris models..... \$10.00
\$15.00 Hats from Imported Paris models..... \$7.50
\$10.00 Hats from Imported Paris models..... \$4.98
Handsome Trimmed Walking Hat, brim blue and black..... 75c
Fashionable Swell Turbans, trimmed in silk wings and velvet..... \$1.95
Fine new high-crown Sailors, all colors, beautifully trimmed..... \$1.25

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American Beauty Roses, fine bunch..... 29c
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Wonderful Price Inducement for This Week
For \$7.50—Ladies' all-wool light and medium Gray Homespun Suits, fly front or Eton style; skirt made with box-pleated back, lined with percaline. This is a regular \$13.75 suit.

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All the latest styles in Ladies' Silk Dress Skirts. Prices from \$6.98 to \$50.00.

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Stripe and Check Wash Silk, all new styles, suitable for waists and children's dresses; 50c quality, yard..... 39c

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22-inch black Swiss Taffeta, only..... 75c

22-inch All-Silk Satin Duchesse, good to wear; worth 85c, for, yard..... 69c

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Representing new styles of the very best qualities of the season's choicest fabrics. Priced a full Third less than elsewhere.

59c—For 54-inch All-wool Habit Cloth, makes up like a broadcloth, worth 75c.

79c—For 55-inch Camel's Hair Vigoureux and Mottled French Tamise Cloth, two special bargains, regular \$1.00 value.

90c—For 52-inch Imported Homespun for tailor-made suits, all the leading colors, the regular \$1.25 kind.

\$1.25—For 48-inch French Whipcords, and 54-inch extra quality Satin Finish Broadcloth, best value in St. Louis, worth \$1.75.

A complete line of the new summer fabric, Mousseline de Soie, in plain, stripe and embroidered effects, in all the most exquisite colorings ever shown, ranging from per yard..... 50c to 79c

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ART PATRONS ABROAD.

We were in M. Grievaz's studio in Auteuil. And, among his portraits and landscapes and sunsets, and studies of face and color and light and life in far-away lands, we were talking—talking of the art-spirit in America, of the shaping there of a genuine art, born of the spirit of the great new people, expressive of their new outlook on nature and life. And Grievaz avowed that the years he had spent in the United States, at the outset of his career, had left on him a strong impression that another half-century would see an art-movement, coming from America, that would create a revolution in the art-centres of Europe.

Grievaz, in the fading light, was adding the last few touches—here and there a dab, as caprice dictated—to his picture for the next Salon, a graceful, lightsome thing, with yet a touch of melancholy, too. Why is there always that?

Then he laughed and turned round on us, brush in hand, palette on thumb.

"Talking of America, do you know that if Columbus and George Washington had never been born, quite a large number of worthy brethren of my craft would have long since ceased to live and paint? Or, at least would have had to cut their canvases into rags to make paper with, and used the contents of their paint-pots on house-fronts?"

I broke in "Oh, yes, I know what you mean. You are thinking of the unceasing stream of the best European works which go to the enriching of American museums and private galleries. Everybody knows that if one wants to study the fine flower of modern French painting and sculpture one has to patronize the *ligne transatlantique*. Why, all the art-lovers here have poured out whole Atlantic oceans of ink in bewailing the fact. An old story, *mon cher*."

"That, too," said Grievaz, waving his brush emphatically, "but—listen. Did you ever notice that picturesque old fellow, with the velvet suit and the velvet *béret*, who sits in the Louvre all the year round, with always the same sized canvas before him, painting an impression of the Rubens gallery? Well, when I was a young art student coming to the Louvre at odd half-hours to get up an appetite for work, I used to see that man in just that spot, seated on just that tabouret, painting on just such a canvas and never painting anything other than the long gallery with the flaming, gorgeous Rubens, and the unvarying cosmopolitan crowd. He has painted there and painted that for twenty-three years. He paints it perfectly now—with a mechanical perfection, *bien entendu*. He is not a great artist, that old fellow; he is not an artist at all. But he is a respectable painter, quite as much entitled to his daily bread and butter as the bulk of respectable writers. He lives because America exists and because America is rich enough to visit Europe. He is one of an enormous class. Go and talk to him one of these days."

Very soon after I was treating myself to an archaeological orgie in the Louvre, and suddenly I remembered the advice. I found the picturesque old fellow in the Rubens gallery, and I watched him painting awhile.

His canvas was nearly finished, a very presentable and agreeable piece of work. No one would hesitate to hang it in his study, though certainly no one would suggest buying it for a national collection. An honest, companionable picture, apt to revive pleasant memories, bearing the same

relation to art that good, sound, ordinary journalism does to literature.

"You have painted that same picture before, monsieur, have you not?—if you permit me the question."

And then the old man talked. And from him I learned many interesting things.

Yes, he had painted that same picture some six or seven times a year for twenty-three years. He would never paint anything else, now. He had begun with his dreams, like the rest, he told me; but a man could not live on his dreams. He could, however; yes, he very well *could* live on the Rubens gallery, painted six or seven times a year. As an art student he had haunted the place. The scene had woven a singular spell over him—the long gallery, the flaming, glorious walls, the crowds that stood and passed, stood and passed all day long, their figures dimly reflected in the waxed-oak floor. He could not keep away. One day he set to work to paint it all. And he worked at his impression for two months, living, the while, on a couple of *sous* of bread and a *chopin* of wine—on these things and his haunting impression.

As he was finishing his canvas, a fur-coated stranger asked if it was for sale. A new idea! He sold the picture for five English sovereigns, chinking down before him then and there. That bought him good dinners for many days; and he would repaint the impression—and make a better picture of it, to have and to hold for himself. So he set to work a second time to paint the Rubens gallery, with its magnificent walls glowing with superb forms, and its polished, shining floor reflecting the daily crowds of pilgrims. And again he sold the picture. That was his misfortune; the fates were against him. He always sold the picture. And he has sold it so often since, that he has finally become perpetually installed, a picture piece of furniture, placed there in his quiet corner, always painting the Rubens gallery. A tranquil existence, and a happy, now that the dream of his youth is quite dead, and, after all, just as honorable as any other.

But the thing that interests us is, that this anchorite of the Louvre, by force of painting the Rubens gallery, has learned to speak a little English. His clients are nearly always English-speaking people—one in five, an Englishman; three in five, an American; one in five, any kind of other man. For trade purposes he has mastered a vocabulary of some five hundred words, all carefully selected for his purpose. He probably could not ask for a chunk of bread or a jug of wine in the Saxon speech, but he can discourse quite interestingly on light and shade, and middle distance and values—and *patati* and *patita*, all the rest of the jargon. His is an English designed for the need of the man, an English *ad hoc*, very quaint.

I asked him if there were many painters like himself, painting just one perpetual picture. He was a little nettled. His mild eye was troubled for a moment as he explained that he was unique; no other artist in all the world had so wide a clientele for one only specialty.

So far he had fallen from his dreams that he was proud of his limitation. But he told me that there was an enormous number of spoiled artists who had turned themselves into more or less honest machines, turning out pictures to order on a limited range of subjects to which they had devoted themselves for years. Paris swarms with them. They are found in all the show places in Europe. They never sign their work, but

they recognize each other's brush. It is the universal experience that the best patrons of this kind of work are Americans.

I asked a reason, and the one offered struck me as plausible enough.

The American traveling in Europe carries his money in his pocket and acts promptly on his judgment. If he likes a thing and the price of a thing, he pays down the price on the spot and carries the thing home under his arm. The traveler of other nations keeps his money locked up at his hotel, carrying in his pocket five dollars' worth of silver for his small expenses. If he likes a picture he has to go to his hotel to get the money for it, and, on the way, he has time to ask himself whether he really likes the thing, whether it is really worth the money, and what in thunder his wife will say about it. By the time he has reached home he has decided that he would just as soon keep the money in his box.

And they are all so afraid of the critics—all the others. They think they will write themselves down inartistic—which, you know, is a great deal worse than being labeled "parricide"—if they buy and hang a picture which is not signed by a well-known craftsman, or which, at least, has not been exhibited in a moderately reputable art-gallery, and mentioned in a passably instructed newspaper article.

But your true American, wise man, does not pose, and so he does not have to fear the ribald mirth of his artistic friends. He buys the picture for his personal pleasure, and critics and artistic friends may go—anywhere they please.

The rich, private collectors of America and the European agents of the American art-galleries woke up to the enormous power and strange, latent beauty of Rodin's sculpture before French critics had done sneering at the hardy innovator. Now, the French collectors, public and private, are mourning their lack of examples of the greatest master of statuary that this century has produced. It is exactly the same independent spirit that leads the ordinary American tourist, "seeing Paris before he dies," to become the purchaser of a class of work which, without being of any high artistic value, is honest, interesting, serviceable.

For the artists, it is easy to catch them *flagrante delicto*. They camp themselves from early spring to late in the fall outside a famous building, or in a beautiful nook of a park or public garden, and work quietly, quickly at their impression. They do not make any effort to attract attention, for they know by long experience that sooner or later the right person will come along and gaze at the picture, and finally ask timidly if the artist intends to sell it. When the client is too timid altogether, the knight of the tabouret knows very well how to attract him by a little talk on the beauty of character of the piece of landscape, or picturesque street-corner he is handling. From that on to the mention of the modest price which the artist hopes to get for his work, when it is done, is an easy step. In half an hour the business is accomplished, the client carries away the picture, thinking he has only anticipated some small professional picture-dealer, dispensing, so to speak, with the middle-man. And the artist idles away a happy day or two, then sets to work to paint over again his "Window of Notre Dame," or his "Scene on the Grands Boulevards," or his "Île de la Cité," or his "Spring in the Tuileries."

And, more power to him, say I.—Stephen MacKenna, in the *Argonaut*.

WAS SHE FAT? SHE WAS

Mrs. Louisa Lafarge has been reducing fat people for years. How it can be done she will tell you confidentially, in a letter, for the small fee of one dollar. There is no other charge hereafter. She will not sell you any medicine. You can buy what she prescribes, from your own druggist. You can follow instructions unknown to your friends, and during a month you will get rid of from one to two pounds of useless fat every day. If you think such a result worth One Dollar to you, send that amount (in \$1 bill or stamps). Address Mrs. Louisa Lafarge, Station E, Duffy Building, New York. If you find this treatment not based on common sense, and find it doesn't work, she will send your \$1 back. If you question the value of this treatment, ask any proprietor of a first-class newspaper. They all know Mrs. Lafarge and what she has done. My Dear Madam: Scranton, Pa.

It is 12 weeks now since I began your treatment. I noticed no change nor apparent benefit the first two weeks, but in the last 10 weeks just 47 pounds of "too, too solid flesh" has melted away. I feel 10 years younger and twice as active as I have been since I was 20. The abdominal belt is great. My girth is reduced a little more than 10 inches. I'll keep on wearing it, for it is so comfortable and braces one up so. Wish I could repay you for what you have done for me without charge except your small fee. The cost has been ridiculously small compared with the great benefit I received. I assure you of my esteem. Yours truly, J. Q. M.—

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Mrs. Lafarge has made remarkable cures.—The Daily Herald.
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Mrs. Lafarge is a specialist of national reputation and worthy of confidence.—N. Y. Family Physician Magazine.
Mrs. Lafarge's life-study is bearing fruit in the wonderful success she is making in her specialty.—Nat. Newsman, N. Y.

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Superfluous: Parke—Some women are never satisfied; my wife almost insisted last night upon my taking her to some play." Lane—"But you didn't?" Parke—"No, sir! Why, I've seen everything there is."—Life.

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The celebrated French Scientist, W. DeLacy Evans, M. R. C. S. C., announces the discovery that excessive lime in the system, deposited by the waters we drink and the food we eat, causes man to become prematurely old; and furthermore, that if a harmless solvent could be discovered capable of being taken internally, and eliminate and dissolve the excess of lime, we would live on to the age of the Patriarchs. Every Physician of whatever school, accepts this theory.

Dr. A. Leonidas Johnson, of Kansas City, a scientist and physician of high repute, says: "The only water that I have ever found that would absolutely dissolve calcareous or lime deposits and destroy microbes is Isham's California Waters of Life, which is the best solvent of which I have any knowledge."

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Nature has compounded in this water healing properties which produce best results upon physical man, beyond a parallel in history.

They possess medicinal power, which through the process of dissolution and elimination, expels from the body all foreign accumulation, that if retained in the system are the cause of disease and death.

This water will dissolve calcareous deposits more rapidly than any other water. Its use prevents the lodgment in the body of extraneous or crystalline and chalky formations.

Uric acid is eliminated by the use of this "Water of Life" more effectually and rapidly than by any salt radicals or drug mixture known.

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It is prophesied by persons who have a thorough knowledge of this remedial "Water of Life," and who have been benefited by it, that in its human life is certain to be prolonged to an advanced age hitherto unknown since the early history of the race.

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Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, Stomach, Bladder and Kidney Diseases, Bright's Diabetes where all hope has fled, Dyspepsia in its worst forms, Liver, Costiveness, Piles, Ovarian Trouble, and even Paralysis, yield to its wonderful effects.

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Eczema, Salt Rheum, Scrofula and Blackheads, drink three glasses a day, and bathe the affected part, allowing the water to dry upon and penetrate the skin.

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Warm the water to blood temperature and wash the affected parts at least two or three times daily, and drink freely as directed.

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PARALYSIS CURED and so pronounced by physicians, who made special examination and found no traces left.

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Drink the water, bathe the head and rub the scalp briskly with finger tips (using nothing else on the head) and it will remove the Dandruff entirely in a few days, and cure the scalp of disease or soreness.

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THIS PRICE WILL CONTINUE UNTIL APRIL 21st.

COMING ATTRACTIONS.

Monday evening the Castle Square Opera Company will re-open Music Hall for the farewell season of two weeks with Wagner's "Tannhauser," which will be followed by a repertoire week embracing five operas chosen from the season's greatest successes. The success of "Lohengrin" is remembered, and it is logical to conclude that the success will be duplicated, and even intensified, with "Tannhauser," especially as the opera represents Wagner before he became infatuated with his theory. "Tannhauser," has not been presented in St. Louis in English since the venture of Mrs. Thurber years ago. The score of "Tannhauser," written about one of the prettiest of the old German legends, with its vein of tragedy, is one of the greatest of the composer's efforts, combining as it does in its different portions tone-pictures of the sensual, and of the spiritual as well. The cast assembled for the production is of the strongest, because of the opera itself as well as because of the preparation needed for the repertoire week to follow. In the repertoire week of April 23d, it is announced that the requests of the patrons are such as to lead to an addition to the number, and five operas will be given instead of four. The requests have settled these operas as follows: "Il Trovatore," "Faust," "Lucia di Lammermoor," "The Mikado," and "Aida." Following is the cast for "Tannhauser," Elizabeth, Yvonne de Treville and Mme. Selma Kronold; Venus, Adelaide Norwood and Rose Cecilia Shay; Shepherd Boy,

Della Niven; Wolfram, W. W. Hinshaw and Harry Luckstone; Landgraf, W. H. Clarke and Frank H. Belcher; Tannhauser, Barron Berthald, Miro Delamotta and Rhys Thomas; Walter, Herman Haynes; Ritterhof, E. N. Knight; Roemer, Francis J. Boyle; Heinrich, A. Horty.

The company which will present "The Belle of New York" for a brief engagement of one week at the "Century" begins Sunday April 15th, with Wednesday and Saturday matinees, is an excellent one. The most notable member of the cast is, of course, Miss Adele Ritchie, who has achieved the enviable distinction of an international beauty, as well as being the most popular and admired American girl in all England. An actress new to American audiences is Miss Toby Claude, a dainty, winsome little woman, who plays the French girl. Her success in New York was quite equal to that of Adele Ritchie. W. P. Carelton, Edward J. Connelly, Wm. Cameron, Georgie Hawley, Jos. Kane, Jas. Darling and Hattie Moore are the other favorites in the cast. During the performance Mr. W. P. Carleton will sing Kipling's famous war poem "The Absent Minded Beggar" to the music composed by Sir Arthur Sullivan.

"In the Ozarks," Chas. Gildehaus' strong play, which has been running successfully at Hopkins' theater, gives place next week to the first Shakespearean revival of the season. Manager Gumpertz will present the stock company in "The Merchant of Venice," which will draw probably as large houses to

Hopkins' as did "Sappho" and "Quo Vadis." Mr. Lawrence Hanley and Mr. Maurice Freeman will be cast in the leading parts, playing Shylock and Bassanio respectively. Miss Victory Bateman will be cast for Portia. The regular company will be seen in strong parts. In securing Mr. Hanley and Miss Bateman, Mr. Gumpertz did a fortunate piece of business. Both have been playing in vaudeville for the past two weeks with such success that they have drawn to Hopkins' many people who are not ordinarily among its regular patrons. "The Merchant of Venice" will be given in six acts, from Edwin Booth's prompt book of the play. Scenery and properties for the revival and a presentation, promise to rival anything ever tried by a stock company in this city. After "The Merchant of Venice" will come "Caprice" which Minnie Maddern Fiske presented with such signal success several years ago. On Monday, night April 23, Willie Schafer, who has been treasurer at Col. Hopkins' house in this city for several years, will take his annual benefit. On the following Friday, April 27, Mr. Maurice Freeman and Miss Nadine Winston, both strong favorites in the stock company, will take their annual benefit, afternoon and evening.

William Gillette's "Because She Loved Him So" to be presented at the Olympe Monday evening, is a farce of sentimental proclivities. Charles Frohman has declared it to be the funniest and most successful farce he has ever handled. It has all the brightness and cleverness that might be ex-

pected in a work of Mr. Gillette's. Notwithstanding its necessarily exaggerated situations, the sentiment that pervades it is inviting and exquisite. Indeed it may be said that "Because She Loved Him So" is a pretty love story with appropriate farcical embellishments. J. E. Dodson, who is unequaled as a character actor, is at the head of the organization, with Miss Annie Irish, leading the female contingent. Francis Carlisle is one of the young lovers, and Ralph Dean the other. Kate Meek, Eleanor Braham, Tully Marshall, W. J. Constantine, Charles Eldridge, Roy Fairchild, Margaret Fielding, Marion Fairfax, Margaret Mayo, Frances Comstock, and others, are also of the organization. The entire original production comes here, and the company is the same in all respects that won its great New York triumph for the farce.

Jacobs and Lowry's "Merry Maidens" are catering to the amusement seekers at the Standard this week, in a programme the features of which were arranged and are engineered by the proprietors. The Maidens at the French Ball and "Sappho" begin and end the bill respectively, the latter being a burlesque on the much-advertised play. In the olio are Madden and Farnum, comedians and dancers, the Revere Sisters, Nellie Hanley, in illustrated songs, the Judges, acrobats, and Josie Flynn, chansonette, making up an entertainment that pleases the patrons of this popular house.

The "London Belles" Company is underlined for next week, commencing with the Sunday matinee.

HERBERT'S MASCOT.

"I have had a lovely time this week," said the little woman at the Century Theatre matinee to her friend the stout lady. "I don't think I ever tried on so many new things in my life. How did it happen? Well, it was like this: Herbert told me last Sunday that he had an option on a piece of property that he could make a clear five thousand on under certain conditions.

"I told him that I would be his mascot for this especial deal on condition that I should get two new hats out of his winnings, and twenty or thirty for the house.

"Well, dear, Herbert hummed and hawled for a minute or two and said he thought I ought to be his mascot anyhow and those Broadway people asked such frightful prices for women's headgear.

"But I won out at last. I told him that I knew of a millinery that wasn't on Broadway, where the hats were all equal to Parisian models, that they were of refined style, tasteful, etc., and that the price was from one-half to at least one-third less than the much-talked of houses of high prices.

"When he yielded I went to—whom do you think?"

"There is only one man in St. Louis that answers your description, and that is Rosenheim the Milliner at No. 515 Locust street."

"That's the man—Sh there's the curtain."

In Chicago: *Excited Lady* (at the telephone)—"I want my husband, please, at once?" *Voice* (from the exchange)—"Number, please?" *Excited Lady* (snappishly)—"Only the fourth, you impudent thing!"—*Ex.*

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RULES.

- 1—Terms: Spot Cash.
- 2—Immediate Delivery.
- 3—No Goods Exchanged.

ROGERS BROTHERS.

There is a lively and gay vaudeville farce at the Century this week. Its refreshing buoyancy is sufficient to rouse the risibilities of even the most dissatisfied and morose bald-heads in the front-rows. Of course, it is all nonsense, flippant, frivolous and very diaphanous fun, that does not demand much meditation on the part of the audience.

Messrs. Gus and Max Rogers are certainly very funny and effective in their work. One cannot help laughing at their fantastic tricks, grotesque appearance and the earnestness of manner and countenance with which they stick their faces together and try to out-talk each other. They know how to keep attention from flagging, and carefully refrain from overdoing certain

parts, which come dangerously near to sheer idiocy.

There are some pretty, shapely girls on the stage. Georgia Caine and Ada Lewis seem to be prime favorites. The dances and poses are fetching and give occasion to a bewildering display of tantalizing petticoats. There are some catchy airs, that will haunt the ears of the gallery gods for a long-time to come, and that promise to terrorize the street and parlor for quite a while.

The exquisite effects of diamonds and colored gems worked into butterflies, lizards and bugs of various kinds, is most beautiful, and we invite inspection of our latest creations. J. Bolland Jewelry Company, Mercantile Club Building, Locust and Seventh.

The wholesale dry goods trade of St. Louis has grown immensely during the past few years. This is more notable on account of the great competition with other metropolitan cities. Among other causes it is attributable to the excellent judgment displayed by the merchants in meeting the requirements of their customers. Such a firm as the Rice, Stix Dry Goods Co., for instance, have attained an envied distinction in this respect. Their buyers in the home and foreign markets know exactly what their customers need and are ready to meet the requirements. Its representatives are gentlemen of cordial manners and have their customers as personal friends.

Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.

DAILY DOUBLE TRAIN SERVICE TO PORTLAND.

Commencing April 22, Union Pacific Railroad Company will run two daily trains from Chicago, Omaha and Kansas City to Portland, Oregon. These trains will be equipped with Buffet, Smoking, Library and Dining Cars; Standard Sleepers, Ordinary Sleepers or Tourist Cars. Time from St. Louis to Portland via Omaha 68 hours, from Chicago 69 hours, from Omaha 55 hours, from Kansas City 68 hours. For particulars address B. L. Lomax, G. P. A., Omaha, or J. P. Alger, Gen'l Agt., 903 Century Building, St. Louis.

Bob—"Saw Tom and his wife out wheeling yesterday." Will—"Tandem?" Bob—"No; perambulator."—Ex.

SOCIETY.

Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.

Miss Lucille Overstolz will leave this week for Little Falls, New York. She will be one of the bridesmaids at the wedding of her friend, Miss Ursula King, of New York City.

Two weddings of note will occur on Easter Monday, when Miss Elizabeth Breckenridge will wed Lieut. Mason Field, of the U. S. N., very quietly at her mother's home on Westminster Place. Miss Susie Glasgow, daughter of the late Wm. H. Glasgow, will also be married on that day to Mr. Walter Bowling, of Baltimore, Md. On the 18th will occur the marriage of Miss Fannie Orthwein and Dr. W. F. P. Smith, of Kansas City.

Society folk are on tip-toe with excitement over the unverified rumors of several engagements of prominent young people, which, although unannounced, are being industriously whispered about with eager interest, among the friends of the parties concerned. Among those known to be true, however, are Miss Katherine Patterson, and Mr. Henry Lee who will be married April 25th. The bride elect comes of an old aristocratic family, and resides on Spring avenue, and the groom is the son of Mr. William H. Lee of Vandeventer place. This will, in all probability, be a large and fashionable affair. Miss Kathleen Rice, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Rice of Lindell Boulevard, will wed Mr. Stephen R. Sheldon, but the day has not yet been announced.

Miss Eleanor Sloss of Lindell Boulevard, will marry Mr. Charles S. Blood, who is connected with the bureau of information at the post-office. Another engagement generally spoken of, is that of a beautiful young Kentucky girl, the daughter of a retired army officer, who has lately come to St. Louis to reside, and a prominent young medico, who has a handsomely appointed office in the Century building. Speculation amounting almost to certainty is also busy with the affairs of a certain pretty young woman, the daughter of an eminent physician, who it is said will shortly wed the son of an aristocratic member of the bar. The date not having been set, however, the young people are unwilling to make public their engagement, until definite plans for the wedding have been settled.

One of the large April weddings will be that of Miss Eliza Clendennin, and Mr. Douglas Robert, which will take place on April 19th, at St. Peter's Episcopal Church. The ceremony will be performed at six o'clock by the Rev. P. G. Robert, father of the groom. The six young ladies who will attend the bride are all her cousins, with the exception of Miss Kelwedge, of New Orleans, who is a cousin of the groom. The other bridesmaids are Misses Ellen Fisher, Fannie Carr, Dorcas Phillips, and Miss Fraser, of Louisville, Ky. These young ladies will all wear pretty frocks of white organdie. Miss Mary Mitchell, who will be the maid of honor, will wear pale green liberty satin, veiled in pale green chiffon. The bride, who is a dainty, petite brunette, will wear a bridal gown of white liberty satin veiled in white chiffon and trimmed with a garniture of old lace. Mr. Edward S. Robert will serve as best man, and Messrs. Dunbar Hunt, Lee Robert, Henry Blossom, Hamilton Prather, of Louisville, and Dent Robert, of San Francisco, as groomsmen. There will be a large number of guests at the church to

witness the ceremony, but only the bridal party will be present at the informal reception for the two families at the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. Isabella Clendennin, of 5043 Washington avenue.

One of Bishop Magee's stories was of a lady in Gloucestershire, who was reading the Old Testament to an old woman who lived at the lodge. The passage she chanced on was that which speaks of the seven hundred wives of Solomon. Presently the old woman said: "Had Solomon really seven hundred wives?" "Oh, yes, Mary," was the reply, "it is so stated in the Bible." "Lor, mum," rejoined the other, "what privileges them early Christians had." Still, we of a later day and a new dispensation have other privileges and not a little wisdom with them. For instance, we may buy our shoes at Swope's. Solomon in all his glory couldn't do that. And so Solomon probably had corns and, though less probably, chills. Swope's shoes are the best in quality, in durability, in style, in shape, in price. They are not cheap but good. Swope's is at 311 N. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

The reason why the Lindell Hotel Restaurant has become so popular with business men is because of its fine cookery, handsome, well-ventilated and comfortable dining-hall, and its reasonable prices.

The new designs in Pulley Belts, in fine silver plate, new gold tints and grey finish, also in solid silver, are wonderfully beautiful. Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust, have them in almost infinite variety, ranging in price from 50 cents to \$25.

Established 1874. THE Incorporated 1893.
**WM. F. WERNSE & CO.
BOND & STOCK CO.**

421 Olive Street, - St. Louis, Mo.
Municipal Bonds, Bank Stocks, Industrial
Stocks, Commercial Paper Loans.

COLORADO MINING STOCK EXCHANGE.
Quotations by Wm. F. Wernse & Co., Bond & Stock Co.
Posted daily on Bulletin Board at our office.

Following Stocks bought and sold in 500 share
lots and upward.

Quotations subject to market.	
Argentum-J.....	22
Anaconda.....	36
Big Four.....	20
Black Bell.....	15
Dante.....	17
Elkton Con.....	1.14
El Paso Gold.....	40
Favorite.....	06
Findley.....	15
Golden Fleece.....	32
Ingham Con.....	22
Isabella.....	1.11
Jack Pot.....	60
Lexington.....	19
Lincoln Mtn.....	3.00
Matoa.....	26
Mollie Gibson.....	27
Moon Anchor.....	67
Orphan.....	22
Pinnacle.....	19
Portland.....	2.39
Raven.....	67
Specimen.....	10
Tornado.....	52
Union.....	49
Vindicator.....	1.55
Work.....	33
Zenobia.....	17
Alamo.....	16
Alert.....	30
Anchor.....	03
Antelope.....	03
C. C. Columbia.....	9
Champion.....	07
Chicof.....	03
Grace Gold.....	05
Granite-Bin.....	2.50
Ida May.....	27
Little Bess.....	03
Little Joan.....	07
Little Nell.....	05
Little Puck.....	9
Maria A.....	04
Midway.....	07
Missouri.....	04
M. J. T.....	04
Mobile.....	03
Mollie Dwyre.....	03
Morning Star.....	04
Nellie V.....	11
New Haven.....	09
O. K.....	04
Olive Branch.....	07
Oriole.....	05
Pilgrim Con.....	13
Progress.....	08
Pythias.....	06
Robert Burns.....	05
Rose Maud.....	11
Rose Nicol.....	13
Touraine.....	07
Uncle Sam.....	67
Acacia.....	29
Altamont.....	04
Anchoria-L.....	94
Bankers.....	20
Battle Mtn.....	30
Ben Hur.....	07
Blue Bell.....	12
Buckhorn.....	06
C. C. & M.....	10
Copper Mtn.....	05
Creede & C. C.....	15
Damon.....	20
Enterprise.....	20
Fanny R.....	40
Flower.....	03
Franklin.....	03
Golden Age.....	03
Gold Coin.....	3.10
Gold & Globe.....	05
Gold King.....	1.04
Gold Sov.....	11
Gould.....	38
Granite Hill.....	05
Humboldt.....	04
Independence.....	69
Ironclad.....	06
Jefferson.....	69
Kaffirs.....	05
Keystone.....	19
Magna Charta.....	06
Monarch.....	06
Mtn Beauty.....	10
Mt. Rosa.....	80
Mutual.....	06
National.....	09
Nugget.....	21
Ophir.....	50
Pappoose.....	08
Ramona.....	10
Rattler.....	05
Reno.....	05
Republic.....	06
Rocky Mtn.....	06
Scantic.....	05
Tenomj.....	29
V. M.....	09

Are You Fond of Pictures?

Our Spring Stock for 1900 is now in,
and we are ready to show you the
Most Complete General Variety of.

PICTURES AND FRAMES

In the City.

Corner
Eighth and
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PARIS EXPOSITION,

And Visit the World's Famous Tuileries, the Louvres, Champs Elysees, Ascend the Eiffel Tower, or Stroll Along the Boulevards and Movable Sidewalks.

COST OF TRIP, ST. LOUIS TO PARIS AND RETURN, INCLUDING one week's good Hotel accommodations at Paris, with privilege of returning within one year,

3d Class, \$122.50; 2d Class, \$157.50; 1st Class, \$182.50.

We Will Have Three Excursions!

NAMELY: One middle of May; another about July 2d, and a third about August 8th.

If you want to join either of these excursions, SEND IN YOUR APPLICATION AT ONCE, stating, if possible, which excursion you desire to join.

PERSONS WISHING TO REMAIN IN PARIS or to go to some other parts, can do so and return from almost any European Port without any extra charge. RETURN TICKETS ARE GOOD FOR ONE YEAR.

THE OCEAN TRIP

Will be made in one of the new, twin-screw, 9,000-ton Royal Mail and Passenger Steamers of the BEAVER LINE. The four new Steamers which will be put into the Trans-Atlantic service early in Spring, are: The Lake Erie, Lake St. Clair, Lake Champlain and Lake Megantic. We will gladly furnish all particulars regarding these Steamers on application.

YOU SHOULD RESERVE A BERTH NOW.

If you have made up your mind to visit the Paris Exposition, WHY NOT ENGAGE PASSAGE NOW—TO-DAY—before the sun sets? Delay may rob you of the chance of going. It is positively certain that of the 150,000 or 200,000 Americans who will want to go to Europe this year—about 100,000 go every year—probably not one-half that number will find cabin accommodations across the ocean, and few Americans will travel in the ordinary steerage.

For further information and Tickets, write or call on

MAX SCHUBACH,

GENERAL SOUTHWESTERN AGENT

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Also Sell to and from all
Points in Europe. Weekly Sailings.

Please Mention THE MIRROR.

FURNITURE FACTS.

The advantage of having a good reputation is well illustrated in the case of the Scarritt-Comstock Furniture Company. For the past week or two this house has been advertising a removal sale with a reduction in price, from 10 to 33 per cent. The result of a large increase of sales is evidence that the best people of St. Louis know that when this "old reliable" furniture firm promise anything, they'll do exactly what they promise. Hence the busy time at the big show-rooms, corner of Fourth and Locust streets.

It is a time for bargains! During the renovation and blessed reformation that is to most housekeepers part and parcel of the vernal equinox, the experienced eye of *die haus-frau* the major domo, or even of

the man of taste will find among the articles of furniture some that are a little the worse for wear, have grown *passe*, or are too much out of style to be up to date and smart enough, and yet not so old as to rank as Colonial or Mayflower relics. It is at this juncture that one gladly turns to that discount sale of the Scarritt-Comstock Furniture firm for household goods, that will replace the worn veterans on whom "the light of other days has faded" and all their glory passed.

To say nothing of mattresses (the firm run its own factory, and makes a bed that is unexcelled in the market) the appointments of the bed-room in every smart style are shown—and at the lowest figures—and also for dining-room, parlor, library, etc.

Their stock of rattan furniture would fill an ordinary furniture store. It is alone

worth a special visit of inspection. You need rattan furniture for your veranda or your summer cottage.

Finally, a word of friendly advice. Furniture is going to be dearer. Take this opportunity of "brightening up the house" with some good articles at lower prices than you will find for a long time, and you'll never regret it.

Trying: *The Rev. Boresumm*—"Ah, Brother Sinner, I trust that you are observing Lent properly." *Sinner*—"Well, I am going to hear you preach every Sunday."—*Baltimore American*.

Rich cut glass in original exclusive cuttings, at J. Bolland Jewelry Company, Mercantile Club Building, Locust and Seventh.

An Exhibition of more than general interest to lovers of art was opened yesterday at the gallery of Noonan & Kocian. It includes a number of water-color paintings, by Francis Wheaton, who is considered a strong painter of sheep, and views of Holland, by Walter Hartson, who has just returned from the land of dams and dykes. A strong feature consists of twenty-six drawings by the clever society sketcher C. D. Gibson including some of the Pipp series. The Exhibition is well worth seeing.

Father: "You've been calling on my daughter rather frequently of late. Are your intentions serious?" *Youth*: "Yes, in deed, I'm trying to persuade her to buy the make of bicycle I'm agent for."

Best watches—Mermod & Jaccard's.

THE STOCK MARKET.

The level of stock market quotations is slowly receding again. Occasionally an attempt is being made by the manipulators to scare the timid bears into covering their "short" lines, and prices experience a spasmodic bulge of slender proportions, but the improvement does not last long, as it only results in more liberal liquidation. The fact of the matter is that the public is loaded up with stocks bought at top-prices; most of the pools and cliques have sold their holdings, and are now manoeuvring to bring about another substantial reaction. There can be no doubt that the professional element will succeed, and that lower prices will be established within the near future. Stocks have had a comparatively sharp rise in the last four or five weeks, particularly so far as the medium-priced shares are concerned, and a good-sized reaction would be a natural denouement. There is, of course, plenty of encouragement in the business situation, but the question obtrudes itself: Is it not reasonable to presume that most of the favorable features have been discounted by the current range of prices? A good many shrewd traders are disposed to reply in the affirmative. They point to the sluggishness of high-priced stocks as evidence of the prevailing impression that prices are high enough, considered from an investment standpoint. It attracted much comment that the recent rise in values asserted itself principally in low-priced or speculative issues, such as Atchison, Union Pacific, Missouri Pacific, Southern Railway, Northern Pacific, Big Four, Chesapeake & Ohio and Iowa Central. There were more bargains to be had in the bond-list than in the high-class railroad list, and this accounted for the fact that 4 and 5 per cent. bonds scored such sharp gains in many instances.

For the near future, it is expected that the market will be narrow, dull and professional. The cliques will mark up special stocks every other day, so as to keep interest in the market alive and to infuse some appearance of strength, but it is pretty safe to predict that stocks can be sold with little risk at every sharp bulge from now on, especially the industrial and traction. Of course, it will require a stiff margin to sell inflated issues for the fall, as they are very susceptible to manipulative influences and can quickly be shoved up or down. The seller with ample means, courage and patience, however, will not lose anything by selling the clique's favorites. The small trader should confine his attention and transactions to the railroad group, selecting those stocks which have gained materially in value and which are occupying a kopje of dizzy height.

There has been a rapid advance in Metropolitan, Manhattan, Third Avenue and Brooklyn Rapid Transit in the last few days, owing to the report that an injunction had been obtained to prevent the New York Tax Commissioners from collecting the assessment on corporations, made under the Ford franchise-tax law. Of course, the gains were principally due to covering of "short" lines; there are very few who would care to buy these stocks at present prices for an investment. The impression is that they will all go much lower eventually, as they are sell-

ing at quotations that are away above intrinsic value, and confidence has been seriously disturbed by recent developments in Brooklyn Rapid Transit and Third Avenue affairs.

Speculative favorites, during the past week, have been Missouri Pacific, Minneapolis & St. Louis common, Chesapeake & Ohio, Missouri, Kansas & Texas preferred and Norfolk & Western common. The movement of Missouri Pacific was remarkable: the stock touched the highest point since 1893, recording a gain of about 23 points, compared with the low price of last December. The heavy buying of the shares is ascribed to intimations of an approaching dividend-payment and optimistic expectations in connection with the appointment of Mr. Russell Harding as General Manager of the system. It is well known that this gentleman put the St. Louis Southwestern (Cotton Belt) system on its feet again and greatly enhanced the value of the securities by his modern and improved methods of railroad management. The operating expenses of the Missouri Pacific are admittedly heavy, much larger, indeed, than those of the

MUSIC HALL

CLOSED HOLY WEEK
REOPENING MONDAY APRIL 16

With a magnificent production of Wagner's Grand Opera,

TANNHAUSER

By the CASTILE SQ. OPERA CO.,

With a Splendid Cast of Favorites.

Box Office Remains Open for Seat Reservation

ONLY 2 WEEKS MORE OF OPERA IN ENGLISH.

April 23 - Farewell Repertoire Week of the Season's Greatest Successes.

CENTURY.

THIS WEEK

"The
Rogers
Brothers
in Wall
Street."

Wednesday and
Saturday Matinee.

NEXT SUNDAY.

Geo. W Lederer's

Original London-New
York Casino Co., in

The Belle
of
New York

Wednesday and
Saturday Matinee.

OLYMPIC

THIS WEEK

Miss Ada
Rehan

Thursday, Double Bill
"The Country Girl"
and "A Happy Pair"
Fri. night, Sat. Mat.
and night.

"The Taming of
the Shrew."

NEXT MONDAY

Charles Frohman

Will present a new
comedy:

BECAUSE SHE
LOVED
HIM SO.

Wednesday and
Saturday Matinees.



"KATY
FLYER"

FAST TRAIN

TO TEXAS

AND THE
SOUTHWEST.



HOPKINS'

WEEK OF
APRIL 15

Grand Spectacular Revival of Shakespeare's

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

10-20-30, Sunday April 22, Minnie Maddern Fiske's Success "CAPRICE."
Monday night April 23, Willie Schaefer's Benefit. April 27,
Maurice Freeman and Nadine Wistan's testimonial.

You are invited to attend
a Lecture by
MR. ELBERT HUBBARD

at Memorial Hall,
Museum of Fine Arts,
St. Louis,
Friday evening, April thirteenth,
at eight-fifteen.

Subject:
"The Work of the Roycrofters."

Reserved Seats, One Dollar
for sale at Roeder's, Fourth
and Olive.

THE STANDARD

The Vaudeville House of the West.

NIGHT AT 8. MATINEE EVERY DAY AT 2

JACOBS' & LOWRY'S
MERRY MAIDENS.

The bill includes
NELLIE HANLY
Illustrated Songs.

THE JUDGES
Marvelous acrobats. Special attention is called
to the magnificent physical development of the
younger Mr. Judge.

JOSIE FLYNN
The Singing Chansonette.

OLIO
JOE-MADDEN & FARNUM-MATT
Comedians and Dancers.

THE SISTERS REVERE
The Fashion Plates of Vaudeville.

The Raging Sensation
LA-MABILE,
A Pantomime in 5 Scenes.

Next Week commencing Sunday Matinee,
April 15.

LONDON BELLES.

FAUST & SONS,
Oyster and Restaurant Co.

We Control
and
Operate 5 PLACES.
viz:

Fulton Market, 610 Olive Street.
Fulton Market, 412-414-416 Elm Street.
Wholesale Department, 414-416 Elm Street.
Restaurant and Cafe, Broadway and Elm Street.
Exposition Cafe, Exposition Building.

St. Louis Trust Co.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$3,000,000.00

Allows Interest on Deposits
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 ALLEN T. WEST, Assistant Secretary.
 A. C. STEWART, Counsel.
 ISAAC H. ORR, Trust Officer.

RAILROAD STOCKS AND BONDS,

ALSO.....

FUTURES IN COTTON,
GRAIN AND PROVISIONS.

Bought and sold for cash, or carried on margin. We are connected by SPECIAL LEASED WIRES with the various exchanges.

GAYLORD, BLESSING & CO., 307 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.

Local Stocks and Bonds.

Corrected for THE MIRROR by Gaylord, Blessing & Co., stock and bond brokers, 307 Olive street.

CITY OF ST. LOUIS BONDS.

	Coup.	When Due.	Quoted
Gas Co. 4	J. D.	June 1, 1905	102 -104
Park 6	A. O.	April 1, 1905	113 -115
Property (Cur.) 6	A. O.	Apr 10, 1906	113 -115
Renewal (Gld) 3.65	J. D.	Jun 25, 1907	103 -104
" 4	A. O.	Apr 10, 1908	105 -107
" 4	J. D.	Dec., 1909	103 -104
" 4	F. J.	July 1, 1918	112 -113
" 4	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1919	104 -106
" 4	M. S.	June 2, 1920	104 -106
" S't'g 100 4	M. N.	Nov. 2, 1911	107 -109
" (Gld) 4	M. N.	Nov. 1, 1912	108 -109
" 4	A. O.	Oct. 1, 1913	108 -110
" 4	J. D.	June 1, 1914	109 -110
" 4	M. N.	May 1, 1915	105 -106
" 4	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1918	104 -105

Interest to seller.
 Total debt about \$18,856,277
 Assessment \$352,521,650

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

Funding 4	F. A.	Feb. 1, 1901	100 -101
" 6	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1903	106 -108
School 6	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1908	102 -102
" 4	A. J.	Apr 1, 1914	102 -106
" 4 5-20	M. S.	Mar. 1, 1918	102 -103
" 4 10-20	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	103 -105
" 4 15-20	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	104 -105
" 4	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	105 -106

MISCELLANEOUS BONDS.

	When Due.	Price.
Alton Bridge 5s	1913	70 -80
Carondelet Gas 6s	1902	101 -103
Century Building 1st 6s	1916	92 -95
Century Building 2d 6s	1917	-- 60
Commercial Building 1st	1907	100 -102
Consolidated Coal 6s	1911	90 -95
Hydraulic Press Brick 5s 5-10	1904	99 -101
Kinlock Tel Co., 6s 1st mrtg.	1923	99 -100
Laclede Gas 1st 5s	1919	108 -110
Merchants Bridge 1st mrtg 6s	1929	114 -115
Merch Bridge and Terminal 5s	1930	111 -113
Mo. Electric Lt. 2d 6s	1921	115 -118
Missouri Edison 1st mrtg 5s	1927	95 -96
St. Louis Agri. & M. A. 1st 5s	1906	100 --
St. Louis Brewing Ass'n 6s	1914	99 1/2 -100
St. Louis Cotton Com. 6s	1910	93 -94
St. Louis Exposition 1st 6s	1912	89 -92
Union Stock Yards 1st 6s	1899	Called
Union Dairy 1st 5s	1901	100 -102
Union Trust Building 1st 6s	1913	98 -101
Union Trust Building 2d 6s	1908	75 -85

BANK STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Exch.	\$50	Dec., '99, 8 SA	209 -204
Boatmen's	100	Dec., '99, 8 1/2 SA	187 -192
Bremen Sav.	100	Jan. 1900 6 SA	140 -150
Continental	100	Dec., '99, 8 1/2 SA	172 -173
Fourth National	100	Nov., '99, 5 p.c. SA	220 -230
Franklin	100	Dec., '99, 4 SA	156 -159
German Savings	100	Jan. 1900, 6 SA	290 -295
German-Amer.	100	Jan. 1900, 20 SA	760 -800
International	100	Apr. 1900 1 1/2 qy	127 -132
Jefferson	100	Jan. 1900, 3	100 -110
Lafayette	100	Jan. 1900, 5 SA	40 -60
Mechanics	100	Apr. 1901, 2 qy	200 -224
Merch.-Laclede	100	Mar. 1901, 1 1/2 qy	160 -162
Northwestern	100	Jan. 1900, 4 SA	135 -145
Nat. Bank Com.	100	Apr. 1900, 2 1/2 qy	258 -260
South Side	100	Nov., '99, 8 SA	115 -125
Safe Dep. Sav. Bk	100	Apr. 1900, 8 SA	136 -138
Southern com.	100	Jan. 1900, 8	90 -100
State National	100	Mar. 1900 1 1/2 qy	160 -164
Third National	100	Mar. 1900, 1 1/2 qy	150 -153

*Quoted 100 for par.

TRUST STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Lincoln	100	Dec., '99, S.A.	154 -155
Miss. Va.	100	Apr., '00, 2 1/2 qy	295 -298
St. Louis	100	Apr., '00, 1 1/2 qy	201 -204
Union	100	Nov., '93, 5	205 -215
Mercantile	100		250 -253

STREET RAILWAY STOCKS AND BONDS

	Coupons.	Price.
Browns Bro.		81 -82
Cass Av. & F. G.	J. & J.	1912 101 -103
10-20s 5s	Oct., '93 4	100 -100
Citizens'	J. & J.	1907 110 -111
20s 6s	Dec., '88	
Jefferson Ave.	M. & N. 2	1905 105 -107
10s 5s	F. & A.	1911 108 -109
Lindell 20s 5s	F. & A.	1913 117 -119
Comp. Heights U.D. 6s	J. & J.	1913 117 -119
do Taylor Ave. 6s	J. & J.	1913 117 -119
Maryland Trust	July	1900 100 -103
Mo. Laclede Ave. 7s	M. & N.	1896 105 -107
do 1st Mtg 5s 5-10s	J. & D.	1912 -- 100
People's	Dec., '89 50c	
do 1st Mtg. 6s 20s	J. & D.	1912 -- 100
do 2d Mtg. 7s	M. & N.	1902 -- 100
St. L. & E. St. L.	Monthly 2p	100 --
do 1st 6s	J. & J.	1925 130 -150
St. Louis	Jan. 1902 SA	100 -101
do 1st 5s 5-20s	M. & N.	1910 100 -101
do Baden-St. L. 5s	J. & J.	1913 100 -102
St. L. & Sub.		66 -68
do Con. 5s		1921 104 1/2 -105
do Cable & W.L. 6s	M. & N.	1914 117 -120
do Merimac Rv. 6s	M. & N.	1916 113 1/2 -114
do Incomes 5s		1914 80 -85
Southern 1st 6s	M. & N.	1904 107 -111
do 2d 25s 6s		1914 110 -115
do Gen. Mfg. 5s	F. & A.	1916 107 -108
do 1st 10-20s 6s	J. & D.	1910 100 -102
do 2d 25s 6s	J. & D.	1918 128 -125
Mound City 10-20s 6s	J. & J.	1910 103 -104
United Ry's Pfd.	When Iss'd	67 -69
" " Com.	" "	22 1/2 -23
" " 4 p.c. 50s	" "	85 -86

INSURANCE STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Cent.	25	Jan. 1900 4 SA	43 -44

MISCELLANEOUS STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Am. Lin Oil Com.	100		13 -14
" Pfd.	100	Mar. 1900 1 1/2 qy	57 -58
Am. Car-Fdry Co	100		14 -16
" Pfd	100	Apr. 1900 1 1/2 qy	64 -65
Bell Telephone	100	Apr 1900 2 qy	141 -144
Bonne Terre F. C	100	May '96, 2	4 -6
Central Lead Co.	100	Mar. 1900, MO	125 -135
Consol. Coal	100	July, '97, 1	9 -11
Doe Run Min. Co	100	Mar. 1900, 1/2 MO	130 -140
Granite Bi-Metal	100		247 -252
Hydraulic P.B. Co	100	Apr. 1900, 1 qy	92 -100
K. & T. Coal Co.	100	Feb., '89, 1	45 -55
Kennard Com.	100	Feb. 1900 A. 10.	103 -107
Kennard Pfd.	100	Feb. 1900 SA 3 1/2	101 -104
Laclede Gas, com	100	Mar., '00, 2 SA	70 -75
Laclede Gas, pfd.	100	Dec., '99 SA	98 -100
Mo. Edison Pfd.	100		53 -55
Mo. Edison com.	100		18 -20
Nat. Stock Yards	100	Apr., '00 1 1/2 qy	100 -105
Schultz Belting	100	Apr., '00, qy 1 1/2	80 -90
Simmons Hdwy Co	100	Feb., 1900, 8 A	235 -240
Simmons do pfd.	100	Feb. 1900, 3 1/2 SA	135 -140
St. Joseph L. Co.	100	Mar., '99 1 1/2 qy	14 1/2 -15
St. L. Brew Pfd.	100	Jan., '00, 4 p.c.	67 -68
St. L. Brew. Com.	100	Jan., '99 3 p.c.	63 -64
St. L. Cot. Comp	100	Sept., '94, 4	30 -34
St. L. Exposit'n.	100	Dec., '96, 2	1 -1
St. L. Transfer Co	100	Dec., 1900, 1 qy	64 -69
Union Dairy	100	Feb., '00, 1 1/2 SA	110 -115
Wiggins Fer. Co.	100	Apr., '00, qy	220 -230
Westhaus Brake	50	Apr. 1900, 7 1/2	192 -195

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Atchison, Rock Island and other companies whose lines traverse almost the same sections of the country. For the last fiscal year, the expenses consumed more than 70 per cent of the gross revenues; the operating expenses of the Atchison are now down to 61 and 62 per cent. A reduction of about 5 or 6 per cent in the expenditures of the Missouri Pacific system would result in the substantial dividend distributions to shareholders and make the stock worth a good deal more than even its ruling high price. If there should be a fair decline in the market, nobody should hesitate to pick this particular stock up for an investment. The Missouri Pacific is a growing and rapidly improving property; it has a future, and that it enjoys the confidence of investors, is abundantly proved by the large premium commanded by its 6 per cent bonds.

Union Pacific, Atchison, Northern Pacific and Southern Pacific have been liberally sold of late and almost uninterruptedly. The three first named have recorded depreciations of from 3 to 4 points, and there is good reason to believe that the lowest has not yet been reached. These stocks advanced too fast and are known to be top-heavy. A good reaction would not hurt them, induce new buying by strong people and strengthen their foundations. Atchison and Union Pacific are especially deserving of attention and bound eventually to eclipse their recent high record.

The bears were very successful in their operations in the steel stocks. They uncovered one vulnerable spot after another and dislodged a good many long holdings. Shares of this kind have lost the confidence of careful and conservative people. Very few outside speculators have gained anything by buying them, and if there are some who are still holding out, in the expectation of another upward movement, they will be seriously disappointed. American Steel & Wire, Federal Steel, National Steel and Tennessee Coal & Iron are sales; their present prices will be considered high a year hence.

The Wall Street fraternity is now discussing the possibilities of the approaching Presidential campaign. The bears declare that there can be no bull movement, while the country is in the throes of an important political canvass, and that prospects are not as favorable as they should be, even conced-

ing that the Bryanites will again meet with defeat. The uncertainties of the final result will be sufficient to restrict commercial and industrial activity and induce investors to keep their capital liquid. The bulls, on the other hand, maintain that the result of the campaign is a foregone conclusion; that President McKinley will surely be re-elected and that the march of prosperity will not be interrupted. If there were not so much anxiety about the future of industrial securities and prospective developments in the iron and steel trade, there would, indeed, be no reason to entertain any fear or diffidence regarding the future.

Reports of large purchases of American securities by foreigners continue. It seems, however, that they are much exaggerated. Foreigners have undoubtedly bought a good many of our railroad bonds and stocks in the last few weeks, but the total will hardly be as large as sanguine bulls estimate. The fact that sterling exchange is strong and slowly rising militates seriously against the theory of wholesale foreign buying. Our British and German cousins are hardly in a position to enter into large speculative commitments at the present time; they have too many things to worry and fret about.

LOCAL SECURITIES.

There has been considerable irregularity in the local security markets lately. Some stocks were strong, others weak. On the whole, however, the tendency was towards improvement, in spite of occasional sharp drops in a few untied issues.

There has been no change in bank and trust company shares, and it is therefore not necessary to quote their values. They are, as a rule, firm, and well bought at the occasional concessions.

St. Louis Transit Company common stock has depreciated about two points; at the low point there was some support forthcoming from prominent people. It is now quoted at about 22 and 22.50. The bonds and United Railways preferred stock, after a rather sharp drop, steadied some; the bonds can now be bought at 85; the preferred is selling at 67.

Mining stocks are neglected; there is little demand for them, and quotations are generally a little lower. Granite is quoted at 2.47 1/2.

St. Louis bank clearances continue large and in excess of those of last year. Monday's clearances amounted to \$7,054,362. Money is loaning at from 5 to 7 per cent. Foreign exchange is higher.

Hand carved ivories. Vienna bronzes and a complete assortment of truly beautiful Royal Bonn and Royal Vienna ware are among our March importations. Call and see them. J. Bolland Jewelry Company, Mercantile Club Building, Seventh and Locust.

Wedding Silverware—Mermod & Jacob's.

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SOCIETY.

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Elaborate preparations are being made for the wedding of Miss Julia Lee and Mr. Amadee Reyburn, which will take place on June 5th. The ceremony will be solemnized at nuptial high mass at St. Francis Xavier's Church, Rev. Father Bronsgeest officiating. The number of invitations issued for the Church ceremony is very large, and also the invitation list for the reception, which will take place in the evening at the home of the bride elect's parents Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Lee of West Pine Boulevard. The young couple will take a long bridal tour through the Rockies and other western points, and return by way of Canada and the great lakes to Maine, when they will go to Hyannisport, on the coast, for the remainder of the Summer. As they will go to housekeeping next fall, inquiries are now on foot, as to suitable property, which they will either lease or buy and build upon. The full bridal party has not yet been decided upon.

Miss Beatrice Thomas' marriage to Mr. Joseph H. Beckwith, was a large church wedding, taking place at the West Presbyterian Church, at eight o'clock on Tuesday evening, Rev. Dr. Ferguson officiating. Miss Gertrude Thomas was maid of honor for her sister, and Misses Edith Bond and Annie Louise Fraser bridesmaids. Mr. Bert Hanson served as best man, and Messrs. Ralph Niederlander and Max Oliver groomsmen. The ushers were Messrs. McFarland and Harry Hubbell. After the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of the bride's parents on Von Versen Avenue. The bride wore white duchesse satin made en princesse and very simply, with a close fitting skirt falling in a long court train. The bodice was trimmed

with a rich bertha of point applique lace. The tulle veil was fastened with a simple aigrette of white ostrich tips, and worn over the face, falling in graceful folds to the end of the train. Miss Gertrude Thomas wore a pale green silk, with an over dress of white point d'esprit. This was made with accordein plaitings of the net, and had the skirt slightly en traine. She carried a bouquet of bride roses. The two bridesmaids were gowned in exactly similar toilettes, and little Miss Beach also wore white point d'esprit with an under slip of pale pink silk. Mr. and Mrs. Beckwith left the same evening for a bridal tour East.

Miss J. I. Lea,
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A pleasant place where ladies, with or without gentlemen, may dine: where all the dainty dishes, that ladies enjoy most are served; where everything is prepared in the most inviting style—such is the Lindell Hotel Restaurant.

There is a wholesale dry goods firm on Washington Avenue that the average St. Louisan is very proud of it. It is said that before they began business at New Year's they had already sold one million dollars worth of dry goods. Since then they have kept up this hustling record and have cut a very wide swath in the trade of the West and South. The Ferguson-McKinney Dry Goods Company is strictly "in it."

Grandfather clocks with full Wellington and Westminster chimes, in mahogany and antique oak, at J. Bolland Jewelry Company, Mercantile Club Building, Seventh and Locust.

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Mr. Johannes Schumacher has just completed a life-size portrait of Mr. C. P. Adams, the composer. The painting is life-size, done on a porcelain tile and with the Fusible Oil Colors, discovered or invented by the artist. It is the first large portrait of its kind in the world, and should herefore prove of more than ordinary interest to artists and amateurs. Mr. Schumacher, the artist, has some charming works from his own brush at his Studio, 1820-24 Chouteau avenue. His Studio reception day is Friday, 9 to 12 a. m. and from 2 to 6 p. m. The readers of The MIRROR are invited to call.

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Exquisite Tiffany glass vases in iridescent and opalescent effects, are the latest fad. A beautiful line of them just received at J. Bolland Jewelry Company, Mercantile Club Building, Locust and Seventh street.

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